College Hoops Preview

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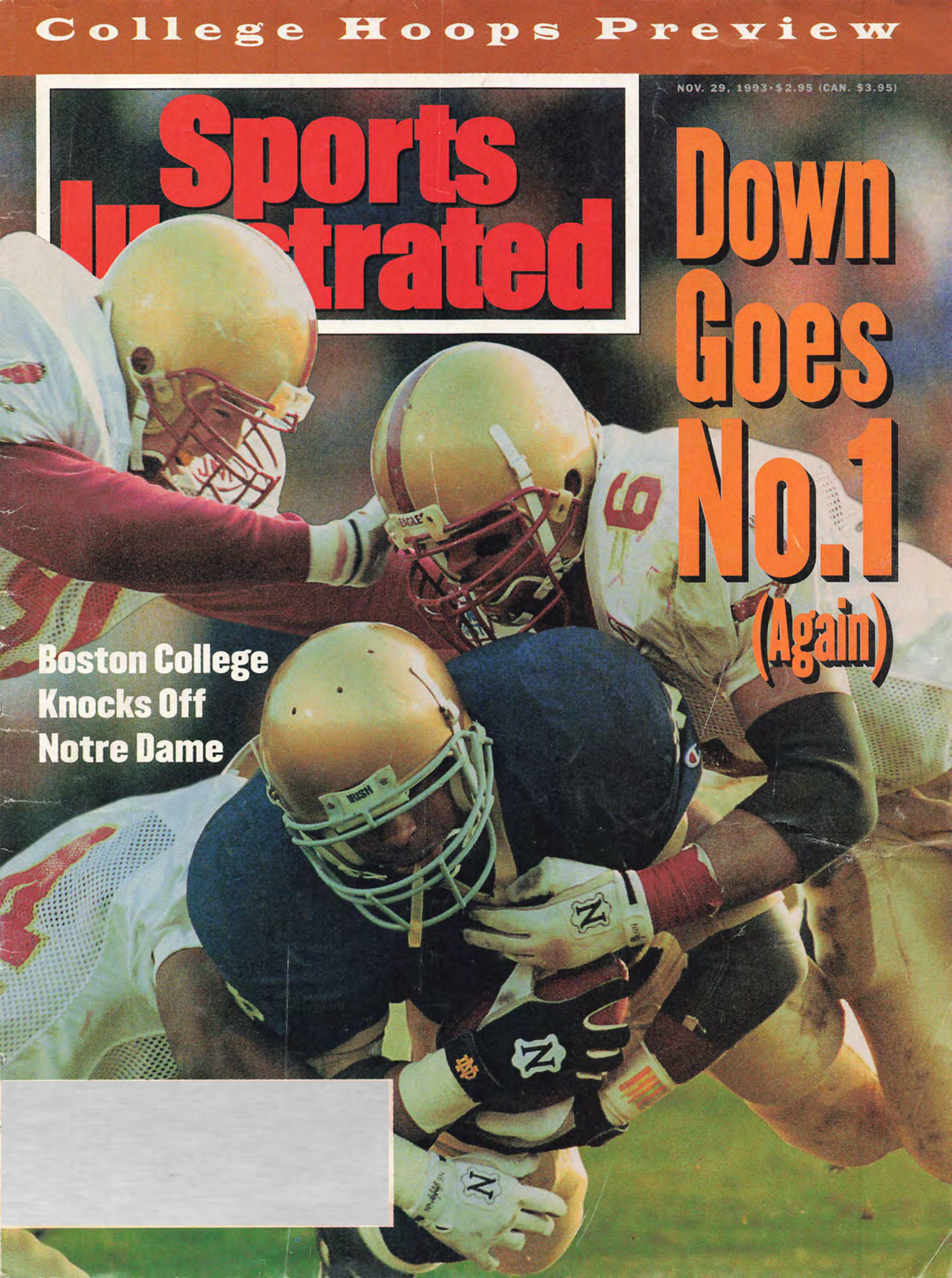
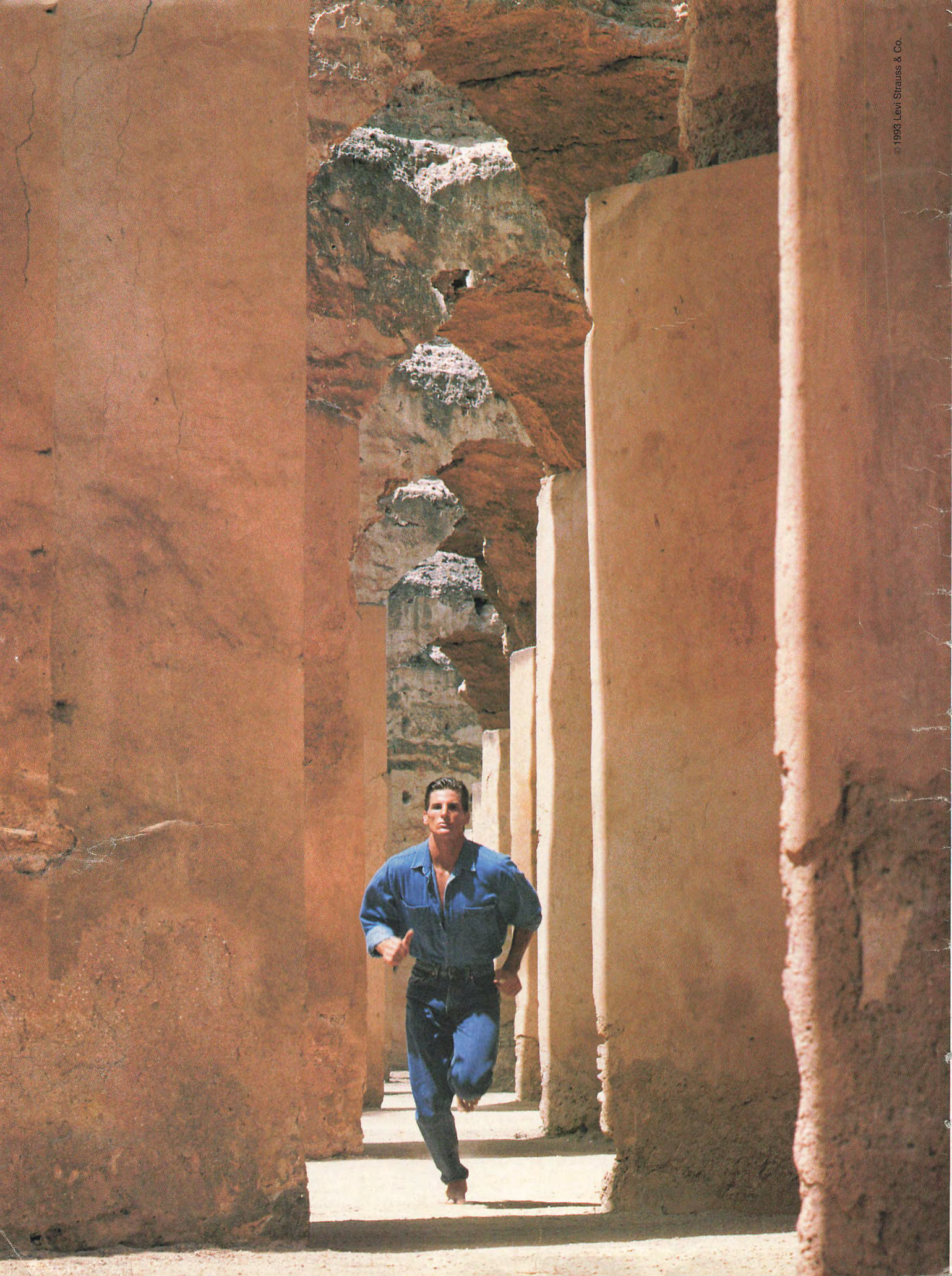


Down Goes No. 1 (Again)

Boston College Knocks Off Notre Dame



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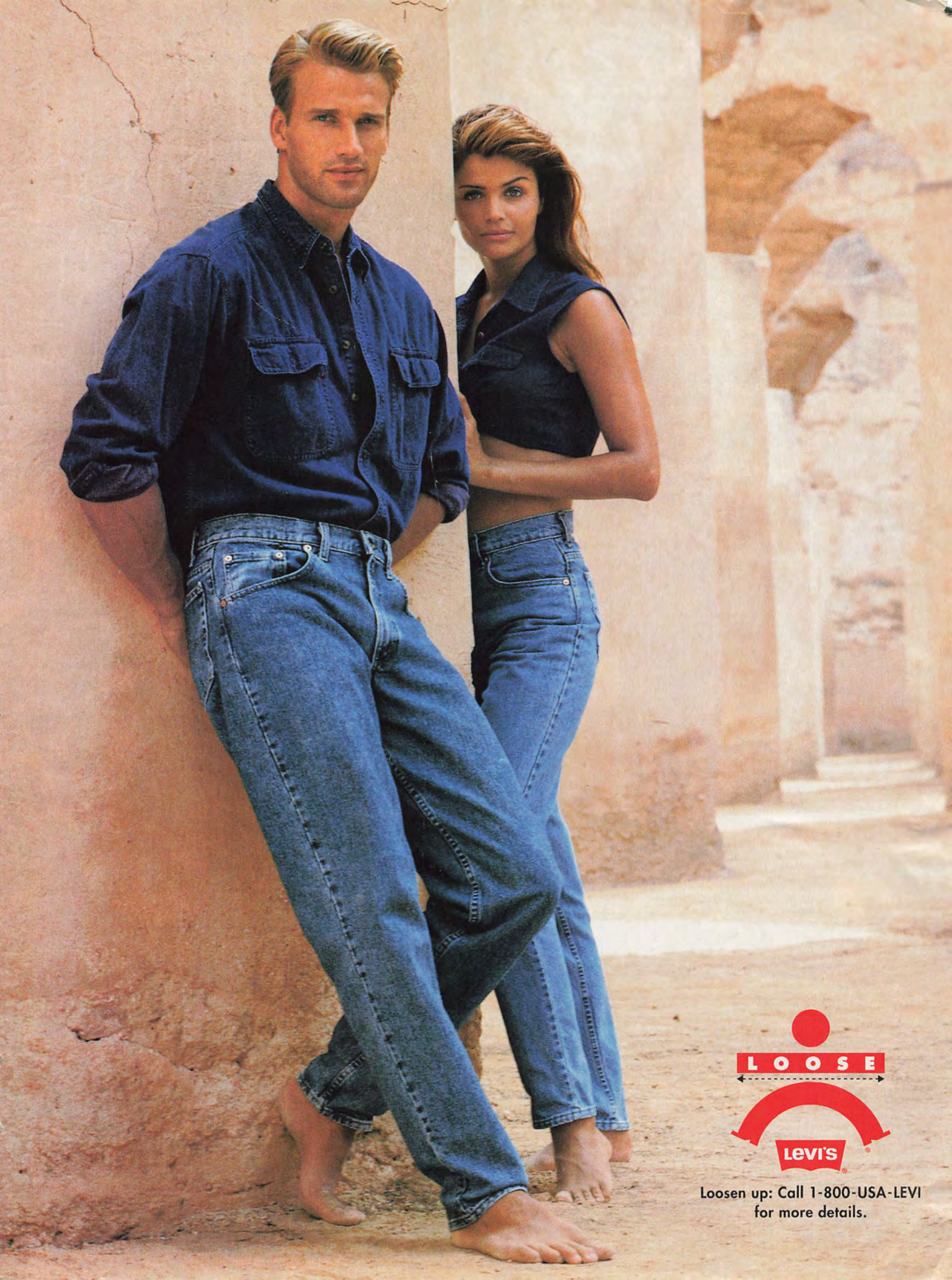

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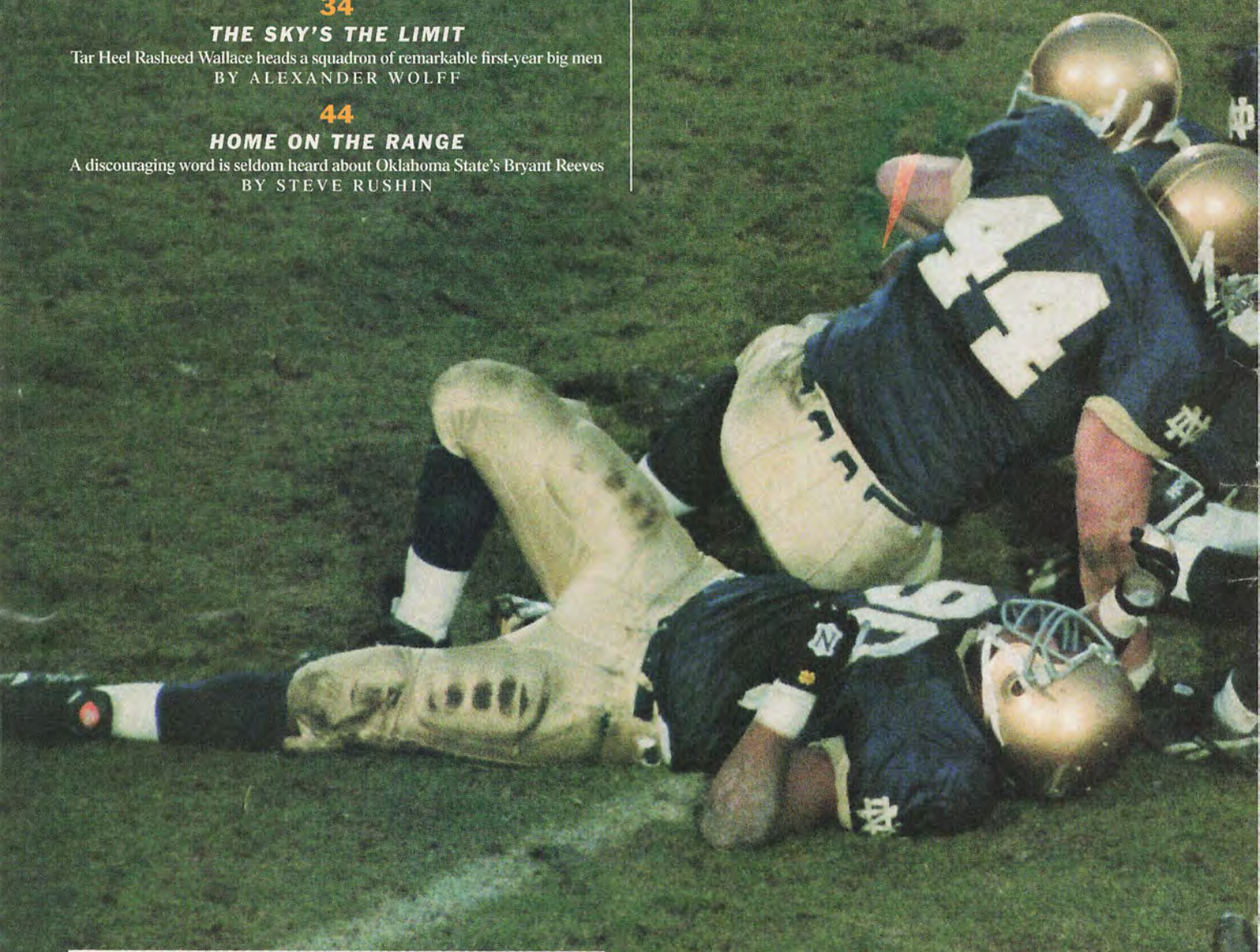

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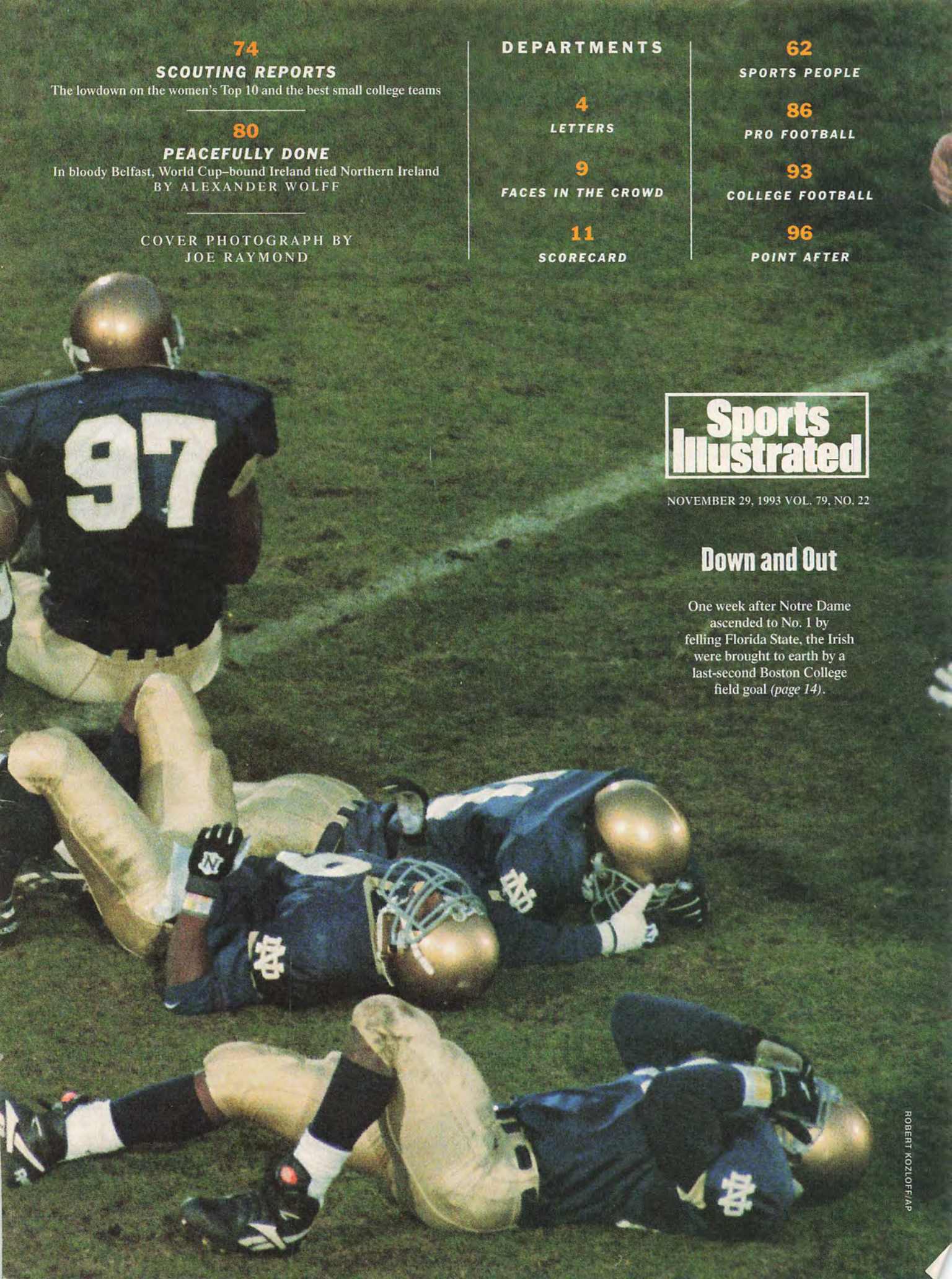


Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 29, 1993 VOL. 79, NO. 22

Down and Out

One week after Notre Dame ascended to No. 1 by felling Florida State, the Irish were brought to earth by a last-second Boston College field goal *(page 14)*.

ROBERT KOZLOFF/AP

NBA Preview

Rick Telander's straight-forward story about Dennis Rodman (*Demolition Man*, Nov. 8) was terrific. To know Dennis, as Detroit did for seven years, is to love Dennis. It's just too bad that some people cannot understand what emotions can do to a person. Thank you for portraying Dennis as you did.

MARY-ELLEN BENNETT
Bay City, Mich.

If Dennis Rodman thinks he would feel more normal without a lot of money, then I volunteer to be a little more abnormal.

I have enclosed my address for the next time that he feels like dropping $35,000. Please pass it along to the Worm. I have been feeling a little too normal lately.

JOHN R. KNAUF
Denver

Has anyone ever considered the idea that Rodman is just plain nuts?

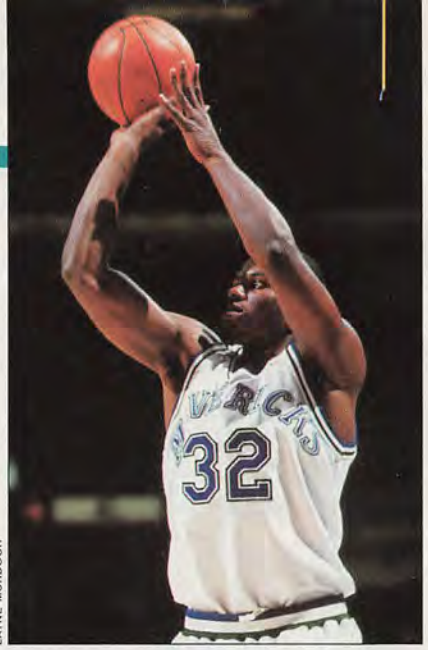
BRUCE A. BERGQUIST
Scottsdale, Ariz.

In Phil Taylor's article *:24 Questions*, No. 12 upset me greatly. You asked who, other than Chris Webber, Shawn Bradley and Anfernee Hardaway, might gain Rookie of the Year honors. You mentioned Isaiah Rider and, as a sleeper, Lindsey Hunter. Please! Ever heard of a man named Jamal Mashburn? Mashburn has the skills and heart to become a superstar. The Monster Mash is already flourishing in Dallas.

BRAD ROWE
College Station, Texas

I really enjoyed your Nov. 8 POINT AFTER by Kevin McHale. Besides being a great player, he is a class individual, something of a rarity in sports these days. Thanks for the memories, Kevin. You will not be forgotten.

JAMES W. LYNES JR.
Plainfield, Iowa



LAYNE MURDOCH

Mashburn is off to a Rookie of the Year start.

Although it's nice that Kevin McHale, now retired after 13 magnificent seasons, has more time for his children and for pheasant hunting, he already sounds more like the bitter old man he claims he will never become than the contented retiree he claims to be. His attempts to degrade Michael Jordan and today's new breed of superstars convey the petty jealousies of a man who spent a career playing second fiddle on his own team. Jordan, at the time of his retirement, was the best player in the NBA and a member of the best team in the NBA. His departure affects the whole league, not just the Chicago Bulls.

Yes, Kevin, some people do believe Jordan's Bulls could have beaten Bird's Celtics and Magic's Lakers. But while the greatest team and player of this era will always be a matter of some conjecture, shouldn't the fact that Jordan led his supposedly inferior team to three consecutive NBA titles—a feat that neither Bird nor Magic accomplished—say something about his place among the game's greats?

BRAD MCDERMOTT
St. Paul

To the Reader

Julia M. Weaver of Hampton, Va., has sued SPORTS ILLUSTRATED over a statement that appeared in our Oct. 25, 1993, story *Southern Discomfort* on the jail sentence given to Allen Iverson, a Hampton star athlete, after his conviction on charges arising out of a brawl at a Hampton bowling alley. The part of our story Weaver complains about said:

The woman at the counter sent them to the end of the alley, to a lane against the wall. To Michael Simmons, the tight end who has been a pal of Iverson's since grade school, that always seemed to happen. You boys, over there. *By the time they got their shoes and balls, it was 10:30. The place was rocking.*

Although SI did not name her in the story, Weaver has told us that she was the only woman at the counter in the bowling alley and that she believes the article makes her appear to be a racist.

It was not SI's intention to direct attention of any kind to Weaver. That is why she was not identified by name. It was also not our intention to blame her in any way for the events that ensued in the bowling alley that night for, as the story made clear, the incident was caused solely by the encounter between Iverson and Steve Forrest and members of their respective parties. No bowling alley employee was culpable in any way. SI did not say or imply that either Weaver or any other bowling alley employee was a racist. We reported Simmons's personal perception of the evening as he recounted it to our writer, Ned Zeman. It was apparent to SI that the sentencing of Iverson created a racial divide in Hampton and that Simmons, from his jail cell, believed that even the assignment of a lane was a racial issue.

Julia Weaver is blameless. We apologize for any inconvenience the story may have caused her.

MARK MULVOY
Managing Editor

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JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE Gets A Kick Out Of Soccer

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE, THE WORLD'S GREATEST female athlete, grew up playing—and still retains a passion for—what most people on earth consider to be the world's greatest sport. Years before Joyner-Kersee began winning gold medals at the 1988 and 1992 Olympic Games in the heptathlon, she was playing soccer in the St. Louis metropolitan area, one of America's foremost soccer hotbeds.

Joyner-Kersee, 31, first enjoyed the game in a community park near her family's East St. Louis home at age nine, even before she took up track and field. "Before I was running or anything like that, I was playing soccer," she says. "I loved the running around, and the fact that it was a sport boys and girls could play together."

The 1986 Sullivan Award winner as America's top amateur athlete, Joyner-Kersee furthered her appreciation for soccer at a summer camp she attended from ages 10 to15. "I was always so excited to go because I knew we would play lots of soccer," she says. "The coaches taught us to appreciate the game's discipline and intricacies."

In the heptathlon, the most demanding event in women's track and field, Joyner-Kersee uses movements learned from soccer. For example, the 100-meter hurdles requires intense concentration to determine when to break from the starting line. "Soccer teaches you about your body," she says. "Getting to a loose ball requires quickness, and you need to know just when to explode, like I do now from the block."

DAVID E. KLUTHO

Joyner-Kersee avidly follows international soccer on cable TV, she often kicks a ball around with her husband/coach, Bob Kersee, and she even finds time away from workouts at UCLA, which she attended on a basketball scholarship, to give demonstrations at youth soccer camps.

The title game of the 1994 World Cup *(trophy above)* will be played at the Rose Bowl near Joyner-Kersee's Los Angeles home, and she intends to experience the action firsthand. "International sports fans are the most intense, and soccer is their No. 1 game," she says. "It'll be a spectacular sight for our country to see, and I want to go."

"The World Cup will be a spectacular sight for our country to see, and I want to go."

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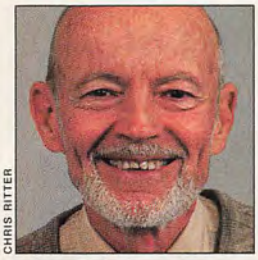
Faces in the Crowd



CHRIS RITTER

William Bell JONESBORO, ARK.

Bell, 71, a retired pathologist, surpassed his own state pole vault record in the 70-to-74 age bracket by one inch with a vault of 9′ 1″ at the Arkansas Senior Olympics in Hot Springs. He is the father of Earl Bell, a bronze medalist at the 1984 Olympics and holder of a former world pole vault record (18′ 7¼″).

DENNY LANDWEHR

Shelley Ogden CINCINNATI

Ogden, 45, an assistant manager of a health club, teamed with Geri Stoffregen to win the women's 45-and-over title at the U.S. racquetball doubles championship in Phoenix. They defeated Nidia Funes and Merijean Kelley 15–7, 15–2 in the finals. Ogden was also a finalist in the 45-and-over mixed doubles with Michael Stephens.

SEAN BRADY

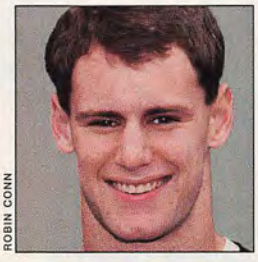
Nehumi Tuihalamaka PHOENIX

Tuihalamaka, who is 26 years old and weighs 350 pounds, set a world record at the Natural Athlete Strength Association World Cup Powerlifting Championships in Dallas. Competing in the super heavyweight division (over 275 pounds), he squatted 909 pounds to break the 14-month-old mark of 906 pounds set by Shane Hamman.

JEFF NEAL

Rachel Sanford SOMERSET, KY.

Rachel, 10, a fifth-grader at Southern Elementary, became Kentucky's youngest high school state champion in any sport by winning the cross-country title at the state AAA meet. She covered the 2.5-mile course in 14:59.9. Rachel, who competes for Southwestern Pulaski High, placed in the top five in all 13 of her regular-season meets.



ROBIN CONN

Todd Ingle NAUVOO, ALA.

Todd, a senior wide receiver at Lynn High, broke the state record for career receptions (195) set in 1989 by Blaine Hathcock of Berry High in Walnut Grove. Todd, who grabbed seven passes in the game in which he broke the record, now has 229 catches, 38 for TDs. He also holds the state mark for career yardage for receivers with 3,356 yards.

JERRY JACKSON

Shayna Olesiuk SOULSBYVILLE, CALIF.

Shayna, a junior placekicker for Sonora High, connected on 24 of 28 extra points to help lead the Wildcats to an 8–2 regular-season record and end up as the most accurate extra-point kicker in the Valley Oak League. In the winter Shayna is a tricaptain of the Sonora High girls' soccer team and an all-league fullback.

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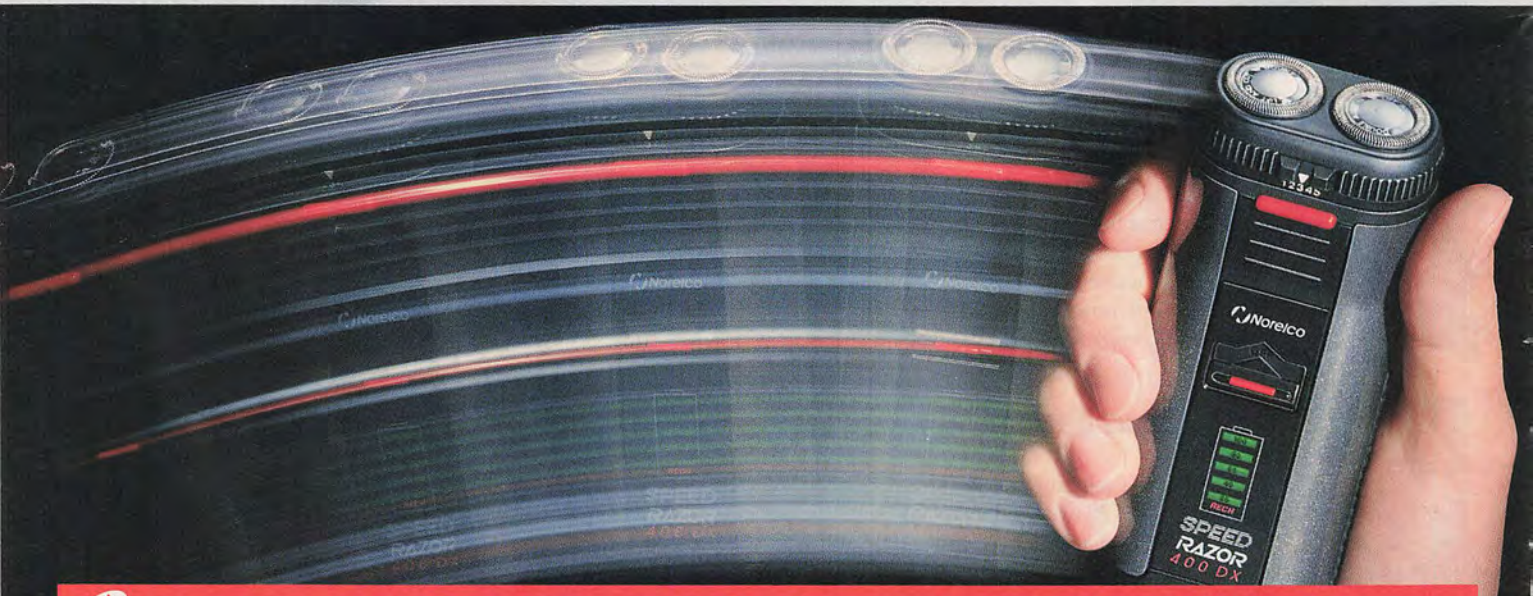

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SCORECARD

Edited by Jack McCallum

Zeke and Lamb

The news that Isiah Thomas punched teammate and alleged best buddy Bill Laimbeer at a Detroit Piston practice on Nov. 16 brought to mind a moment from the 1985–86 season. As the Pistons waited out a fog delay at Sacramento Metro Airport, there were Thomas and Laimbeer jammed into a phone booth, laughing and gesturing and passing the telephone back and forth as they chatted with a mutual friend.

What brought Thomas, the finesse-oriented black kid out of the Chicago ghetto, and Laimbeer, the monied white kid from the suburbs, together? And what kept them together through the championship years of the Pistons in 1989 and '90?

The answer is this: a compulsive desire to win. Yes, they enjoyed each other's company—the locker room jokes, the insults, the sweat and the hard knocks—and that certainly qualified them as friends. But more than affection, what Thomas and Laimbeer shared was a mutual power base. All the Pistons, to one degree or another, answered to both of them. Working together, Thomas and Laimbeer cultivated an aura of arrogance and intimidation that even Michael Jordan and the Bulls could not overcome until 1991.

It was not surprising, then, that their relationship began to wane as the Pistons began to wane. When Laimbeer was demoted to second team last season, it was Thomas who became the recipient of his hard screens and flying elbows during scrimmages. And it was a few too many blows (Laimbeer broke one of Thomas's ribs with an elbow in practice last month) that prompted Thomas to sucker-punch Laimbeer in the head two weeks ago and, in the process, break his own hand.

Those close to the team expect a tired and discouraged Laimbeer to retire when Thomas returns from his injury in about six weeks; Laimbeer would have already done so, says one source, but believes that it would look bad to leave with Thomas on the shelf. And Thomas will almost certainly hang it up at the end of this season. Both players are understandably frustrated with the decline of the Pistons, for both realize that history will probably not give them their due. If and when they get together in their dotage, though, they can remember the time when nobody on the NBA's baddest team dared cross them.

Straw Poll

It all seemed so perfect last year when, in its rookie season, the college football bowl coalition did just what it was designed to do—facilitate a matchup of Nos. 1 and 2 on New Year's Day. Alabama upset Miami in the Sugar Bowl, and the college football world felt a sense of closure. The bowl coalition could luck into a dream matchup again this season, but that doesn't change the fact that there are almost as many flaws in the system as there are bowl reps with bad sport coats.

One of the biggest flaws is the coalition's own poll. That's because Auburn, which is on probation and cannot go to a bowl this season, is inexplicably *included* in the poll. The coalition rankings are determined by combining the point totals of the AP and the *USA Today*/CNN polls. The latter (the coaches' poll) does not include teams on probation, but the coalition decided it would rank probation teams by doubling their AP points. In this week's coalition poll Auburn is ranked fourth.

"It was an innocent enough move [to include Auburn and other teams on probation] that could come back to haunt us,"

Bad Influences

A recent observation from crusty former Boston Bruin coach Don Cherry *(left)*, now the TV analyst for *Hockey Night in Canada:* "Once upon a time . . . we had a rough-and-tumble game when everyone took care of themselves. Then along came Wayne Gretzky, who had a credit card to set all kinds of records because he had a guy like [Dave] Semenko [a left wing for the Edmonton Oilers] looking out for him. But then Wayne went out there to La La Land and became friends with Arsenio and Chevy Chase and all those Hollywood types, and they didn't like fighting. So we said, 'Let's get fighting out of the game.' " In the Cherry spirit, we present Gretzky and a few other athletes who proved to be a blight on the sporting landscape.

Athlete	Negative Impact	Irrelevant Detail
Babe Ruth	Encouraged bad dietary habits and nocturnal carousing	Possibly greatest all-around player in history
Willie Mays	Demonstrated poor fielding fundamentals with basket catch	Third on alltime home run list; winner of 12 Gold Gloves
Jack Nicklaus	Showed contempt for par 5s with prodigious drives; spent far too much time hunched over putts	Winner of 70 tournaments, including 20 majors
Muhammad Ali	Brought politics and horrific rhymed couplets to the sweet science	Three-time heavyweight champion; premier showman of all time
Michael Jordan	Set dangerous precedent of tongue-wagging; eschewed the two-hand set shot	Seven-time scoring champ, three-time MVP in nine seasons
Wayne Gretzky	Virtually destroyed hockey as Don Cherry knows it	Eight-time MVP; nicknamed the Great One

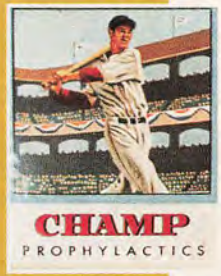
MOLSTAR COMMUNICATIONS

Jim's Not Dandy

What has gotten into **Jim Courier** *(above)*? At last week's ATP Tour World Championship, in Frankfurt, Germany, Courier buried his face in a book (Armistead Maupin's *Maybe the Moon*; the baseline-based critic gave it a thumbs-up) during changeovers of his match against Andrei Medvedev; turned to his coach, José Higueras, in the middle of another match and said, "I was just wondering if they've signed the NAFTA agreement or not"; and, in the second set of his 7–5, 6–4 loss to eventual ATP winner Michael Stich, handed his racket to a ball boy, who then hit a few balls with Stich.

Courier's play, even before his three losses in Germany, had been as bewildering as his behavior. In four of his last five tournaments before Frankfurt, he failed to reach the quarterfinals. Said Courier, who last week slipped behind Pete Sampras and Stich in the world rankings, "I need to get away from all this."

This Week's Sign That the Apocalypse Is Upon Us



Up for bid at Leyland's sports auction last week in New York City was a package of 1950s **Ted Williams** (unauthorized) "Champ" prophylactics.

They Said It

• **Bob Hoying**, Ohio State quarterback, after a 23–17 victory over Indiana on Nov. 13 clinched a share of the Big Ten championship for the Buckeyes: "I'm really happy for Coach Cooper and the guys who've been around here six or seven years, especially our seniors."

says a coalition official. "If Auburn got to be Number 2, it would be a disaster."

It would, in fact, effectively negate for this season a matchup of Nos. 1 and 2. If the top two teams cannot meet, for whatever reason, the bowl that would have hosted that "national championship" game can then scramble to arrange whatever matchup it finds most desirable.

So what if No. 3 West Virginia loses to Boston College on Friday and No. 2 Florida State loses to Florida on Saturday? Auburn, which finished its season 11–0, could move up to No. 2. The coalition claims to enjoy the controversy, but its face must still be a little auburn.

Witness Box

For possibly the first time in the history of jurisprudence, a defendant was legally empowered to beat up the star witness against him. It happened last Friday night in Atlantic City, where defendant Ray Mercer won a split decision over witness Jesse Ferguson in their 10-round heavyweight rematch.

Perhaps you remember the first Ferguson-Mercer bout, last Feb. 6, which was notable not for boxing prowess (there was none) but for an alleged conversation that took place between the ropes (SCORECARD, July 12). Ferguson, a huge underdog, won handily, knocking a fat and poorly conditioned Mercer out of a title fight against then champion Riddick Bowe, a bout that would have brought Mercer a $1.5 million payday. A short time later Mercer was indicted in New York City for allegedly having offered Ferguson—during the fight—a $100,000 bribe to take a dive. Mercer's lawyer has refused to allow his client to discuss the charges with reporters, but immediately after the first fight, when the first stories hit print, Mercer claimed he had said no such thing.

The trial is set for Dec. 6, with Ferguson scheduled to testify for the prosecution. Neither boxer is commenting on the trial, but, strangely, each professes to have warm feelings for the other. "No matter what, we've always been friends," says Mercer. "We're both fighters trying to make a living at this thing."

Says Ferguson, "It's no big deal. We'll be friends."

Let's see if they're still buddy-buddy after the verdict.

A Rhetorical Question

Former heavyweight champion Mike Tyson told the New York *Daily News* last week that he will resume his boxing career when he leaves the Indiana prison where he is serving a six-year sentence for rape. "All I know how to do is fight," said Tyson. "What else am I going to do, man, be a nuclear scientist?"

Himalayan Trash Heap

Much has happened to Mount Everest in the 40 years since Sir Edmund Hillary and his Sherpa guide, Tenzing Norgay, first scaled it, almost all of it bad. Climbing the 29,028-foot peak has become commonplace—more than half of the 500 people to reach the top have done it in the last five years—and so, sadly, has littering. Environmentalists estimate that 50 tons of rubbish are scattered across Everest, some of it predictable (tents, oxygen bottles), some of it unpredictable (baseball bats, Frisbees), some of it downright macabre (dozens of corpses, preserved by the cold).

"The problem of too much rubbish and too many people is quite substantial," Hillary told *The Washington Post*. But Sir Edmund has a plan: "At a minimum, everything should be put in a single pile, rather than spread around carelessly, and the bodies could be buried underneath it."

COURIER: CYNTHIA LUM; CHAMP: LEYLAND'S PHOTO ARCHIVES; ILLUSTRATION BY CHIP WASS

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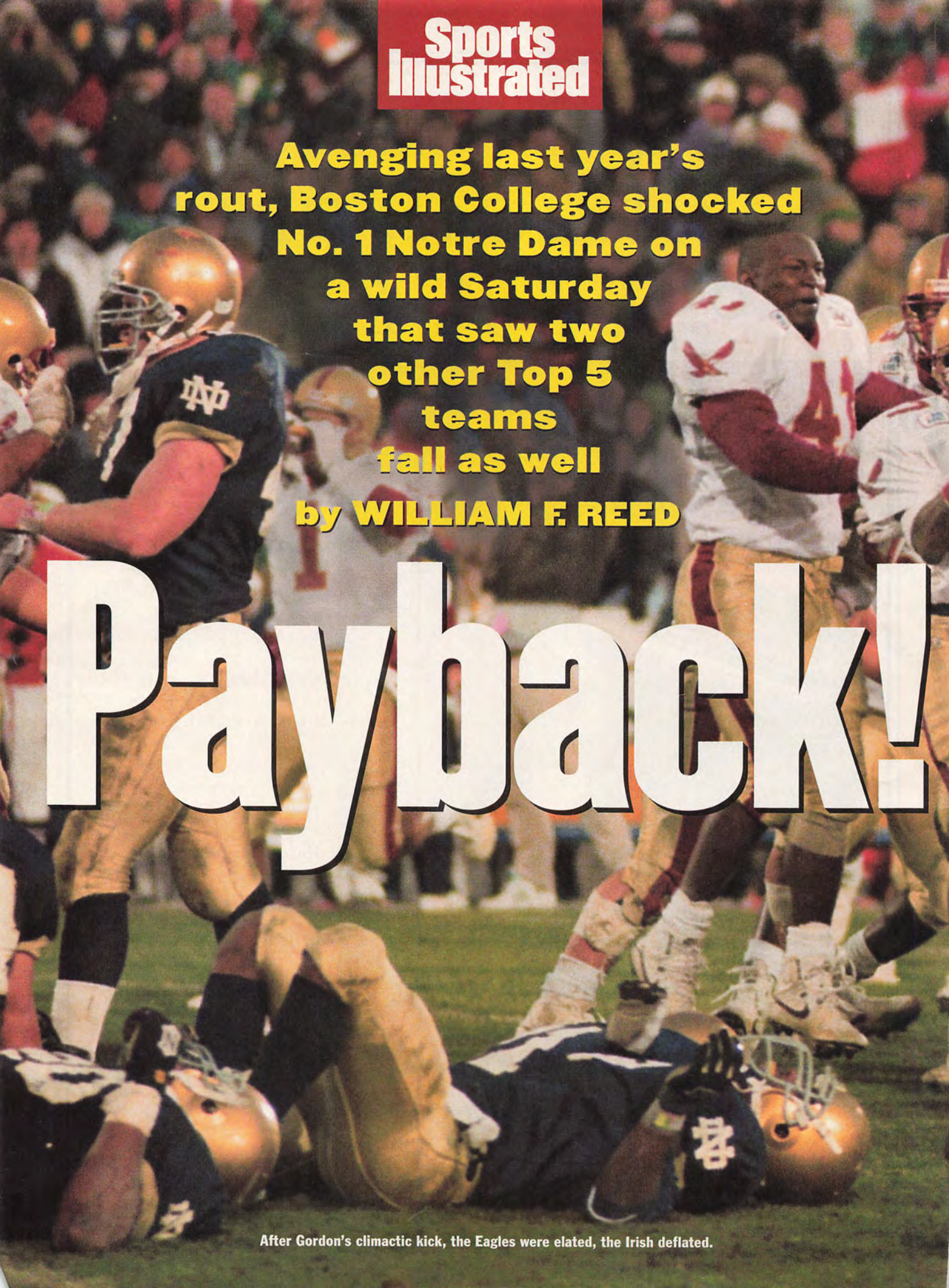
Sports Illustrated

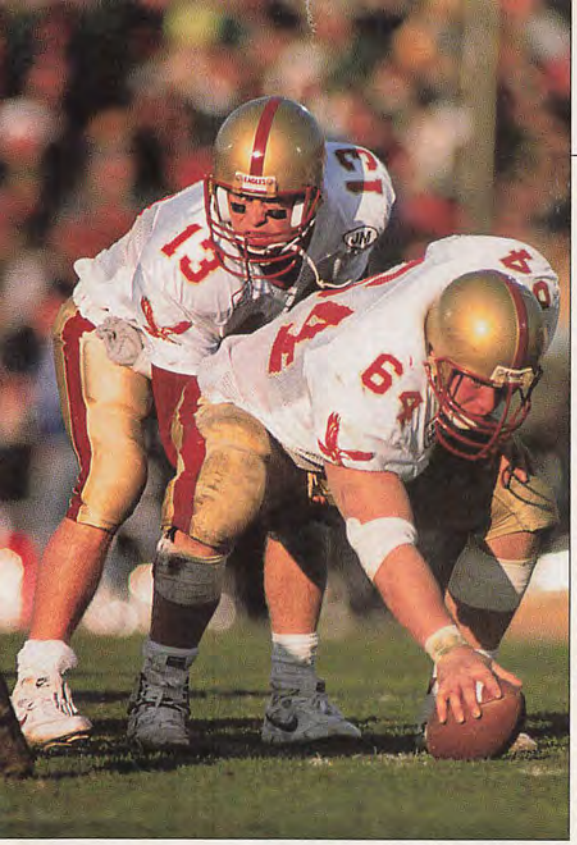
Avenging last year's rout, Boston College shocked No. 1 Notre Dame on a wild Saturday that saw two other Top 5 teams fall as well

by WILLIAM F. REED

Payback!



After Gordon's climactic kick, the Eagles were elated, the Irish deflated.



IN THE GLOAMING AT NOTRE DAME Stadium, at the end of the most gripping game in one of the most baffling college football seasons in memory, Boston College's fortunes rested in the hands of senior quarterback Glenn Foley—which was perfectly fine with fans of the Irish.

Sure, the red-haired Foley had been brilliant in guiding the Eagles to a shocking 38–17 lead over top-ranked, 10–0 Notre Dame early in the fourth quarter. He had completed 26 of 41 passes for 264 yards and four touchdowns, the last one a perfectly lobbed two-yard toss to tight end Pete Mitchell in the Irish end zone. Mitchell caught the ball just a few yards from some members of the Notre Dame band, whose silence eloquently posed the questions that were on everyone's mind: How could this be happening? How could Notre Dame be losing by so much to Boston College only a week after it had gained the No. 1 ranking by upsetting supposedly invincible Florida State on this same field?

But then, after the Irish had shown signs of life with a touchdown and a two-point conversion, Foley was betrayed by the very hands that had served him so admirably for more than three quarters. He let Notre Dame back into the game by twice failing to complete the shortest pass in football—the center snap. The first bobble led to a Notre Dame touchdown that cut the gap to 38–32 with 4:02 remaining. The second fumble occurred on third-and-nine during the next BC series. Foley recovered the ball, but the Eagles were forced to punt with 2:59 left. The rejuvenated Irish then stormed downfield and scored on fourth-and-goal from the BC four when quarterback Kevin McDougal hit Lake Dawson with a perfect strike in the back of the end zone.

When Irish kicker Kevin Pendergast

made the extra point, putting his team ahead for the first time, 39–38, with a scant 1:09 left on the clock, the crowd of 59,075 erupted in a kind of mass catharsis. After all, hadn't Notre Dame saved its top ranking and its national-championship hopes? Wouldn't the Eagles, who lost to the Irish 54–7 on this same field last year, be content to go home with such a redeeming near miss? And wasn't Foley more likely to fumble another snap than to drive the Eagles into field goal range?

Clearly the crowd wasn't aware of some important things about Foley. Such as his uncanny ability to forget his mistakes. And his intense determination to pay back Irish coach Lou Holtz for rolling up the score in last year's game. And—most important—the crowd was unaware of Foley's mastery of the two-minute drill.

Since Tom Coughlin became BC's coach in 1991, virtually every Eagle practice has included work on the two-minute drill. Usually the challenge is this: Go 90 yards with 1:10 left on the clock and only one timeout. At Notre Dame, Foley said, "When I looked at the clock and saw that 1:09 was left and we had three timeouts, I felt good. I have all the confidence in the world in our two-minute drill."

The game was in his hands.

Save for two fumbles, Foley (13) was sure-handed in dishing to Campbell (32) and on passes like this 36-yard TD toss to Boyd.

The final home date of Notre Dame's season was supposed to be a party, a celebration of an unbeaten record and Holtz's big-game coaching. Although Holtz had cautioned that the BC game was more than a "victory lap," nobody paid much attention. The main topic at the tailgate parties was how unfair it was that the bowl coalition might force a Notre Dame–Florida State rematch at the Fiesta Bowl in Tempe, Ariz.

And what about the chance of an upset by Boston College? *Naaah.* Last season in South Bend the Irish had undressed an Eagle team that came into the game undefeated and ranked No. 9 in the nation. In intradenominational disputes, Touchdown Jesus always favors the Irish. How else to explain that Notre Dame had never, not in 106 fabled years of football, lost to another Catholic school?

Boston College's loss in South Bend last November was the beginning of a slide in which it dropped three of its next four games, including a 38–23 whipping by Tennessee in the Hall of Fame Bowl. Then the Eagles began this season by losing their first two, 23–7 to Miami and 22–21 to Northwestern. But just when BC fans were beginning to wonder if Coughlin should have accepted the New York Giants' offer last January to become their coach, the Eagles beat Temple 66–14 and began a seven-game winning streak that they would ride into their return bout with the Irish.

During that streak Boston College's offense emerged as one of the most prolific in the nation, averaging 42 points per game. But did a 33–29 win over Syracuse or a 48–34 victory over Virginia Tech mean that the Eagles could play with a Notre Dame team that had whipped Florida State? Yes, thought Foley. "Last year we came in here and thought they were larger than life," he said. "This year it was different. It wasn't going to be enough just to play well. We wanted to win."

The Eagles came out fearlessly and outplayed the Irish on both sides of the ball. The BC offensive line gave Foley terrific protection, allowing no sacks and enabling the quarterback to sort through his options with computerlike precision. And whenever Foley saw the Irish gearing up to stop the passing game, he gave the ball to fullback Darnell Campbell, who pounded out 115 yards on 24 carries.

"We showed a few things that we hadn't shown before," Coughlin said after the game, "passing out of our running formations and running out of our passing formations. Sometimes we'd make things look like they were going one way, then go the other way." The Notre Dame defense was duly confused. "They kept us off balance," said Irish defensive tackle Jim Flanigan. "They ran in odd situations. They found a lot of seams in our de-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM LYNN

Dawson's touchdown catch was big, but, sadly for the Irish, Gordon's kick was bigger.

fense, and it was tough to find the ball."

BC's defense, for its part, concentrated on containing the Irish running game. The Eagle D was led by outside linebacker Mike Mamula, who had two sacks and two tackles for losses, and inside linebacker Stephen Boyd, who blocked a kick and recovered a fumble. "Until the fourth quarter we had a sense of being under control," said Coughlin. "But then, by virtue of sloppy tackling and some great running by [Irish tailback Lee] Becton, it didn't appear that our defense was as courageous or as committed as it was earlier in the game."

The Irish moved the ball at will in the fourth quarter, especially after Foley's two botched snaps. "My center, Tom Nalen, and I have been together for five years," Foley said. "We've probably taken a million snaps together." So the fumbles had to be fated—the luck of the Irish holding again, right? "I've never seen a team rack up that many yards in seven minutes," Holtz said of the Irish juggernaut that turned a 38–17 deficit into a 39–38 lead.

On the BC sideline, meanwhile, Foley paced in the wintry South Bend twilight, trying to keep his hands warm. The prelude to what will be known forever in Boston as The Drive came when the Irish were tagged with a personal-foul penalty on the kickoff after their final touchdown. That gave the Eagles first-and-10 at their 25, instead of their 10, with just 1:01 to get within field goal range. But Foley was confident because, as he said later, "we'd been moving on them all day."

The game was in his hands.

JOHN SWART/AP

The Drive began shakily with incomplete passes to Mitchell and wideout Ivan Boyd. The second throw was deflected and nearly intercepted by Irish linebacker Pete Bercich, then almost grabbed by safety Jeff Burris. Finally, on third-and-10, with 47 seconds left, Foley found Mitchell for a first down at the BC 37.

On the next play Foley threw a flare to tailback Anthony Comer in the right flat. Comer went out of bounds after a gain of six, stopping the clock at 0:27. Next, behind excellent protection, Foley stepped up and hit Mitchell at the Notre Dame 33. With 0:18 left, BC called timeout.

The noise from the Irish rooters was deafening, but, Foley would say, "I just blocked 'em out. West Virginia and the [Syracuse Carrier] Dome are tougher places to play." On the next play Burris blitzed up the middle; under pressure, Foley threw the ball away. Now, on second-and-10 with 0:12 left, BC had one play to set up a field goal. Foley took the snap and fired to Boyd on a middle screen. Boyd ran to the 24. Timeout, 0:05 left.

"I thought we had to get it inside the 25," Coughlin said after the game. "When I [saw] the ball was in the middle of the field, I was very confident." Eagle placekicker David Gordon would attempt the field goal, and Foley would be his holder. The game was still in his hands.

Gordon, a walk-on senior from Avon, Conn., transferred to BC after his freshman year at the University of Vermont, where he had played soccer. "He started out with very poor leg strength," said Coughlin, "but he worked like a dog to become a placekicker." Gordon won the Eagles' kicking job midway through last season, and since then he had been erratic. This year he had made only six of 10 attempts and missed a 40-yard potential game-winner in the loss to Northwestern. The longest field goal of his career was 39 yards. Now, against Notre Dame, he would attempt a kick of 41.

The snap was high, but, Foley said later, "I'm actually kind of used to it. I'd rather it be high than low." The same guy who had mishandled two short snaps from center caught this one and quickly

After two stunning reversals of fortune, it was, in the end, Eagle fans who celebrated.

got it down for Gordon, who was well into his kicking motion.

"He's a left-footed kicker, but his ball goes right to left," said Foley. "It started way right of the goalpost. But then I saw it dart back toward the inside."

"A knuckleball," said Gordon. "I don't like to talk about it."

As the ball went through the uprights, Foley leaped up and signaled that it was good. "Then I started running around like an idiot," he said. The players on the BC bench swarmed onto the field while the Irish crowd sat in stunned silence. One of the most dramatic comebacks in Notre Dame history had been ruined by Foley's hands—and, oh, yes, Gordon's foot. "Hey," said Foley, "David Gordon is a good kicker. He's gotten a bad rap, but he deserved to be there."

And Foley deserved to have the game in his hands. Of all the fine quarterbacks Notre Dame has faced this season—guys such as Stanford's Steve Stenstrom and Southern Cal's Rob Johnson and Michigan's Todd Collins—none of them, including probable Heisman Trophy winner Charlie Ward of Florida State, had riddled the Notre Dame defense quite the way Foley did in passing for 315 yards.

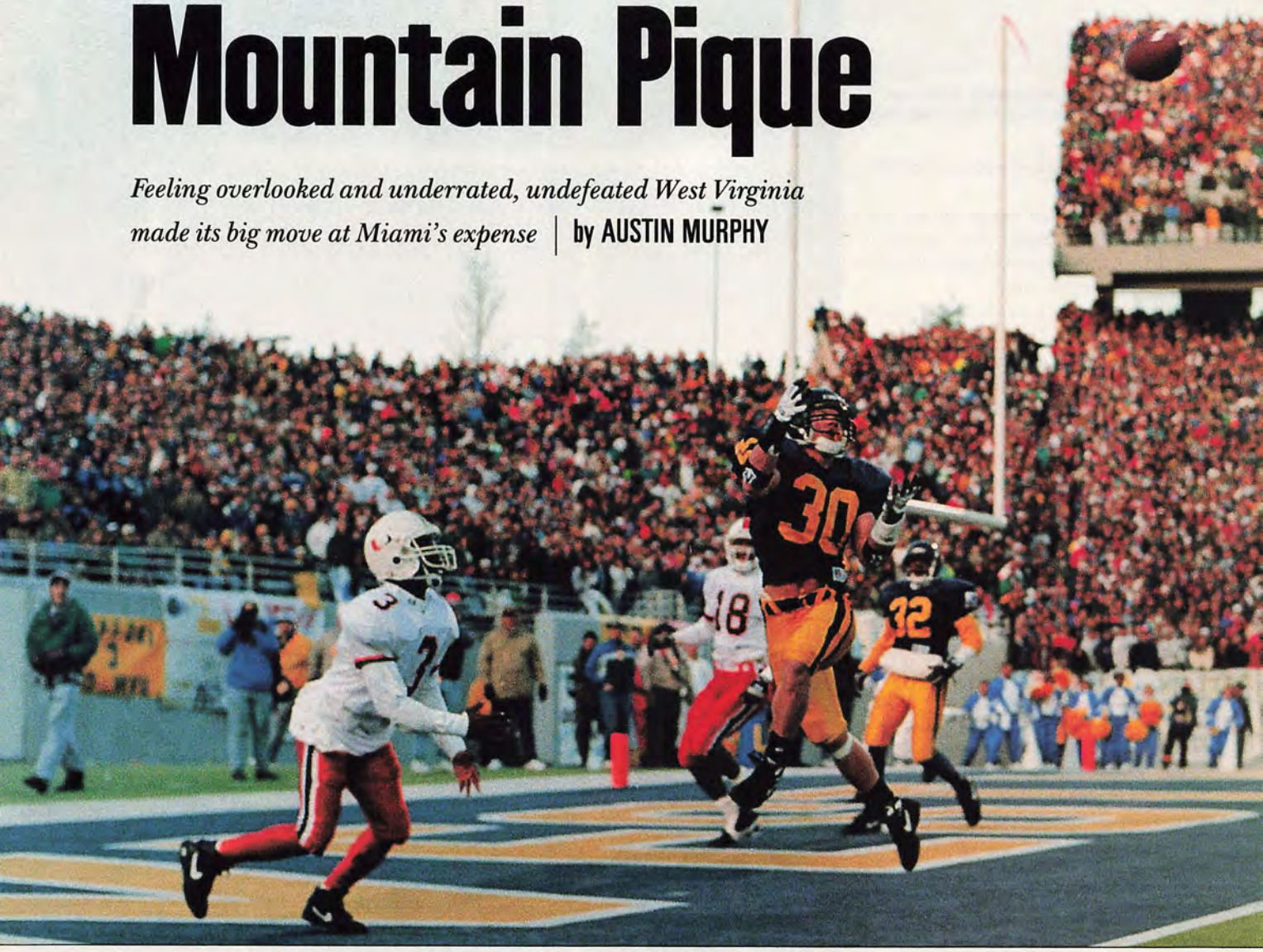
"We got beat, plain and simple," said Notre Dame's All-America offensive tackle, Aaron Taylor. "There's no woulda, coulda, shoulda about it. We were prepared. They were just better."

Because of The Drive, Notre Dame was no longer undefeated, no longer No. 1 and no longer likely to play for the national championship on Jan. 1. On one of the wildest Saturdays of any college football season, three of the Top 5 teams had lost: No. 3 Miami (beaten 17–14 by West Virginia), No. 5 Ohio State (28–0 losers to Michigan) and Notre Dame. And the Irish, who would drop to No. 5 in the bowl coalition poll behind Nebraska, Florida State, West Virginia and Auburn, seemed to have lost the most.

Leaning against a wall outside the BC locker room, Foley wrapped one of his hands around a can of soda and listened as a reporter said that Notre Dame's loss had moved Burris, the Irish safety, to tears. The good-hands man allowed himself the pleasure of a smile. Could he have been thinking about 54–7? "That's a shame," he said. "A damned shame." ■

Mountain Pique

Feeling overlooked and underrated, undefeated West Virginia made its big move at Miami's expense | by AUSTIN MURPHY



DON'T GET THEM WRONG. THE Mountaineers of West Virginia weren't complaining about their shiny new rankings in the polls that came out Sunday. They just had the feeling, as John Denver once crooned about their state, that they should have been there yesterday . . . yesterda-AAAY.

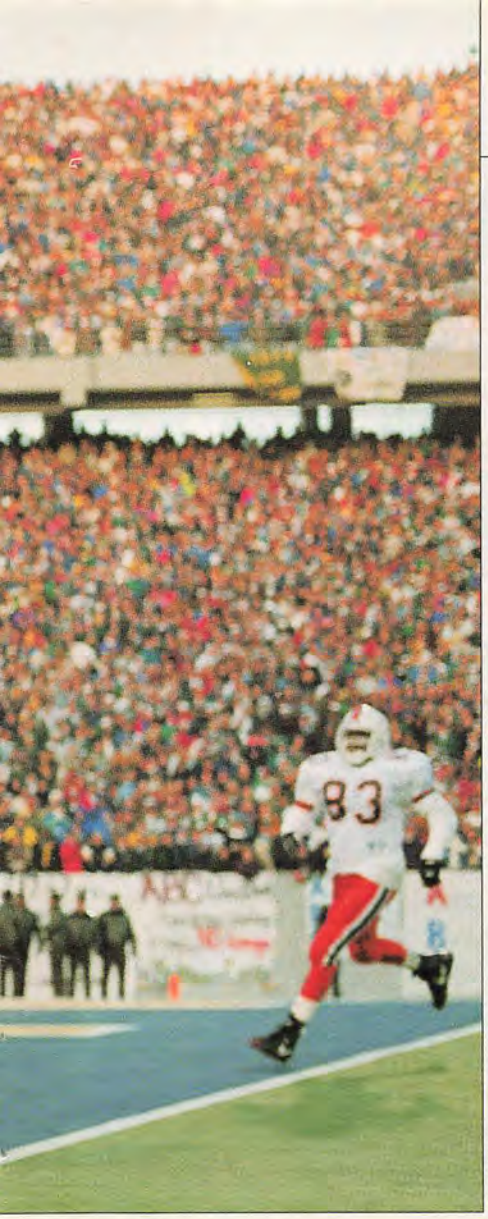
After West Virginia's 17–14 upset of Miami last Saturday in Morgantown, the nation's lowest-ranked undefeated team was elevated from No. 9 to No. 5 in the AP poll and from No. 6 to No. 3 in the USA Today/CNN poll. The Mountaineers had been irked in recent weeks because they were repeatedly ranked below teams with losses, and even after Sunday's ballots were tallied, they still sat behind once-beaten Florida State and Notre Dame in one poll and only the Seminoles in the other. "For nine weeks," said tailback Robert Walker after the game, "we got no respect."

A sensitive crowd, these West Virginians. While Mountaineer fans delight in the antics of the coonskin-capped, musket-toting yahoo who serves as the school mascot, one sure way to lose your front teeth is to walk into a bar in this state and utter the word *hillbilly*. The locals even suspect that geographical bias was behind West Virginia's low rating among poll voters. There could be something to that, although a likelier culprit is the team's schedule, which features cream puffs Eastern Michigan, Maryland, Missouri, Pitt, Rutgers and Temple, whose combined record on Sunday was 17-47-1. Truth is, no one—the Mountaineers included—knew how good West Virginia was. Miami would serve as a yardstick.

The Hurricanes, who entered the game 8–1 and ranked No. 4 in both polls, had hoped to trounce the Mountaineers, thereby racking up enough style points with the voters to keep alive their slim national championship hopes. Victory would also assure the Hurricanes of their third straight Big East title, a decoration for which they could not have cared less. After the game, when a reporter tried to cheer up Miami defensive end Kevin Patrick with the news that his team might still wind up sharing the conference title, Patrick said, "It's over. You may as well put us at No. 100. After the national championship, what else is there to play for?"

While Boston College had burnished the league's reputation with its upset of Notre Dame, Miami and West Virginia seemed intent—for the game's first 30 minutes, anyway—on putting offensive football back several decades. A brief catalog of the slapstick:

Hurricane quarterback Ryan Collins set the tone by fumbling a snap on Miami's first possession (a gaffe not to be confused with the unexpected shotgun snap that later in the first half would hit him in the belly and fall to the turf). This was followed by a botched Mountaineer



JOHN BIEVER

In the end zone David Mayfield was up for one of West Virginia's two interceptions.

field goal attempt, an interception thrown by Collins, another botched Mountaineer field goal attempt, a lost fumble by Miami tailback James Stewart and another interception thrown by Collins. However, West Virginia did convert Stewart's fumble into Tom Mazzone's 22-yard field goal for a 3–0 lead, the points that eventually were the margin of victory in the team's biggest win since it beat Penn State en route to an 11–0 record five years ago.

It was in 1988 that quarterback Major Harris led the Mountaineers to within one game—a Fiesta Bowl loss to Notre Dame—of a national championship. Some of the schoolboys who signed with West Virginia after that glorious season are now fifth-year seniors, including strong safety Mike Collins. "I expected to play for the national championship," says Collins, who had an interception and seven solo tackles against Miami. "I didn't come here to sit by and watch us have mediocre seasons."

After Harris led West Virginia to an 8-3-1 record in '89, his final season, mediocrity is what Collins got through 4–7, 6–5 and 5-4-2 years. With a small, mostly rural population to draw from in-state, the Mountaineers can't simply reload; they have to rebuild. That's why some 50 muscular adolescents in letter jackets of various colors were milling awkwardly in the winner's locker room on Saturday. They were recruits from all over the country, imported for the Big Game.

When you're the coach at West Virginia, as Don Nehlen has been for the past 14 years, you sell the Big Game every year. *Son, you can be a part of this.* You sell the palatial facilities, which would make anyone's Top 10. There's not much else to sell. *Have I mentioned, son, that West Virginia is the handblown-glass capital of the Western Hemisphere?* And you welcome everyone: two-sport athletes, walk-ons, transfers (juco and otherwise). *Give me your poor, your hungry, your disgruntled, your underrated.*

One such refugee is quarterback Jake Kelchner, who originally signed with Notre Dame but was expelled from school after struggling in class and being arrested for driving while intoxicated, pleading guilty to reckless driving. Kelchner, who's from Berwick, Pa., transferred to West Virginia, where he joined some of his high school teammates and became one of the final pieces of the puzzle. He entered the Miami game as the nation's leader in passing efficiency. However, the Mountaineer aerial attack, which relies heavily on play action, clicks only when the ground game is effective. Against the Hurricanes' ferocious front four, the West Virginia offense didn't get in sync until the Mountaineers' first possession of the second half, when Kelchner led a 13-play, 66-yard scoring drive that put the Mountaineers ahead 10–7.

Defensively West Virginia wanted to take away the run and force Collins, a sophomore making only his fifth start, to beat them with his arm. He nearly did. Early in the fourth quarter, with Miami at the Mountaineer 42, Collins scrambled under heavy pressure. Pinned against the right sideline, he spun out of trouble, raced back across the field and lofted a gorgeous 40-yard rainbow to wide receiver A.C. Tellison. Three running plays later the Hurricanes took the lead, 14–10.

But with 7:30 to go, Mike Baker's slashing 28-yard punt return gave the Mountaineers the ball on the Miami 30. Two plays later Walker, who was on his way to his sixth straight 100-yard rushing game, got the call. The play was a simple run off left tackle behind Rich Braham, a walk-on out of Morgantown's own University High who turned into a four-year starter and Kodak All-America. Braham laid a nice kickout block on Patrick, fullback Rodney Woodard took out two linebackers, and Walker went 19 yards through a hole the size of a country road.

After the Mountaineer D stood its ground and the offense ran out the clock, the field was overrun with whooping celebrants, who reduced both goalposts to scrap metal with alarming swiftness. To outsiders it was chaos. To West Virginians it was, well, almost heaven. ■

AL TIELEMANS

Thanks to Mountaineer blocks, Walker could have walked the 19 yards for the winning TD.

Pack on Track

Led by the bruising play of Reggie White, resurgent Green Bay battered the Detroit Lions to close in on first place in the NFC Central | by HANK HERSCH

WAVING THEIR BASEBALL caps, the Green Bay Packer faithful leaned over the first base dugout at Milwaukee County Stadium Sunday evening and bellowed, "*Reg-gie! Reg-gie!*" Jogging off the field, helmet raised high, was defensive end Reggie White, the 6′ 5″, 290-pound straw that had stirred the drink in a 26–17 win over the NFC Central–leading Detroit Lions. "Basically, Reggie stopped us at the line," said Lion quarterback Rodney Peete. "Anytime he's in the game, he's causing problems."

It had been just another day at the ballpark for White: six tackles and a sack. He and his supporting cast surrendered only 57 yards in the second half, a mere 12 of those to Detroit's ground-swallowing back, Barry Sanders. For the Lions the game was a lost opportunity to distance themselves from the Pack; Detroit, now 7–3, had its advantage over Green Bay pared to one game. For the Packers the victory provided another taste of what life is like when one man holds sway over the line of scrimmage, and he happens to be on your side of the ball. "With Reggie here, other teams kind of forget about the little guys," says John Jurkovic, Green Bay's 6′ 2″, 285-pound nosetackle. "Which is fine with me."

JOHN BIEVER

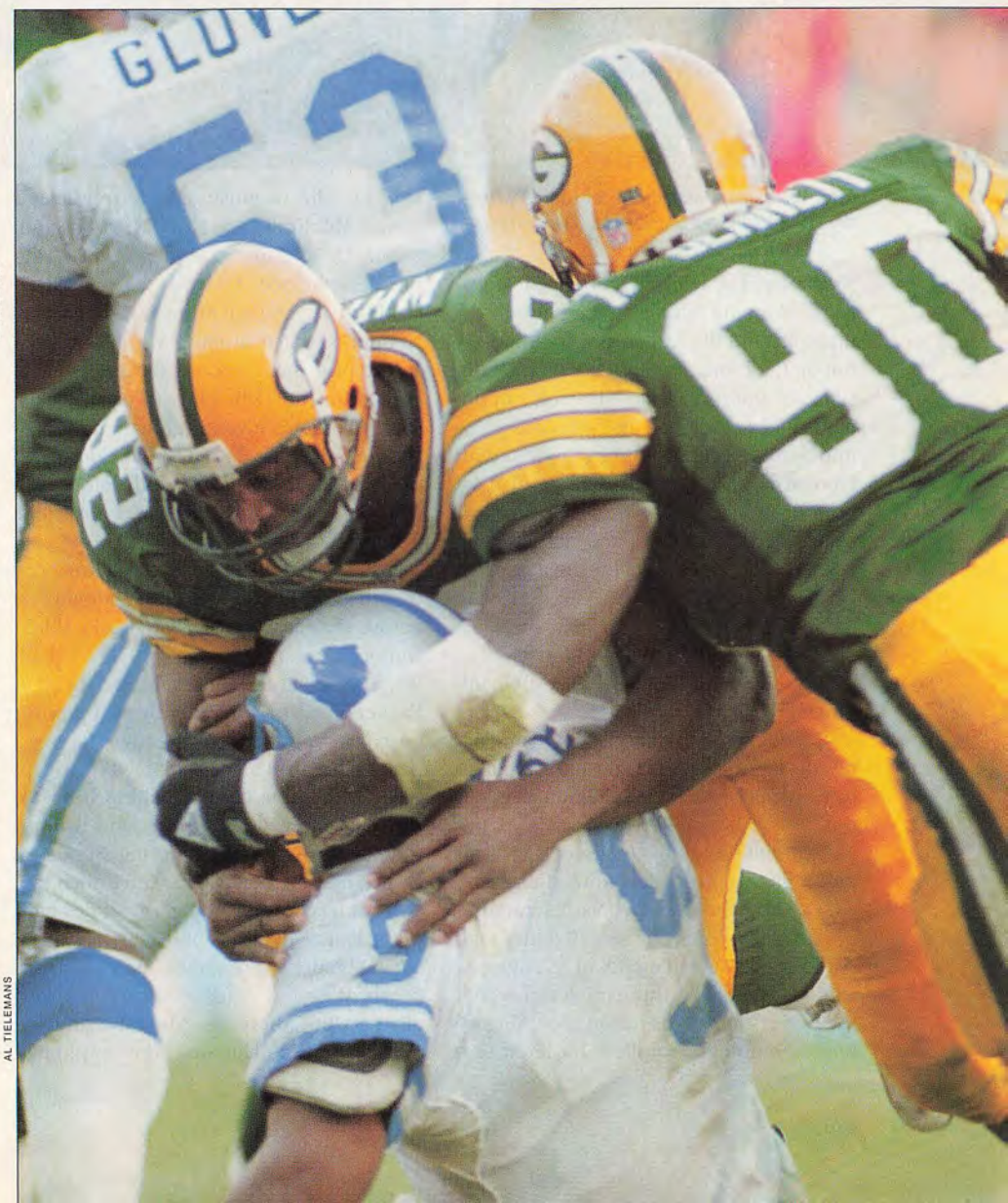
White played to the crowd after getting sack number 10½ of the season, a punishing assault on Peete late in the fourth quarter.

Big plays were what Green Bay fans were expecting when the 31-year-old White arrived during the off-season as a free agent from Philadelphia. Long acclaimed as the Minister of Defense, White quickly added comparable posts at Treasury (with his four-year, $17 million contract) and Interior (Rhodes frequently lines White up at tackle). But White didn't rack up many sacks early in the season as the Pack labored to a 1–3 start, and skeptics wondered whether Green Bay had opened the vault for a player too many years past his prime. Even so, after a 36–14 loss at Dallas on Oct. 3, Packer defensive line coach Greg Blache summoned White to his office to tell him that his play was solid, that there was nothing to worry about. "That helped me out a lot," White says. "Sometimes superstars need a pat on the back too."

Since then Green Bay has won five of six games, and White has been on a tear. His 10½ sacks rank second in the NFC, and the Packers as a team are on a pace to collect 50 sacks (after amassing all of 34 last year). "We're making more big hits and more big tackles for losses, and Reggie has the most to do with that," says linebacker Johnny Holland.

"Reggie has changed everything—the way we play, the other team's offensive scheme," said Green Bay coach Mike Holmgren two days before the Detroit game. "And that's just one player. Some teams may have two or three guys with that kind of impact." Holmgren paused. "Can you *imagine*?"

In Detroit, meanwhile, the Lions were trying to imagine a three-game lead with



AL TIELEMANS

With 4:02 left to play and Green Bay leading 19–17, Jurkovic, taking advantage of a triple-team against White, blasted through the Lion line at the Detroit 25 and drilled Peete as he was releasing a deep pass intended for Herman Moore. The resultant floater was picked off by strong safety LeRoy Butler, who returned it 22 yards to the Lion 14. The play set up Green Bay's clinching touchdown, a two-yard run by Edgar Bennett.

In addition to answering the call on the field, Butler had been performing similar duty on the sideline, manning the phone as defensive coordinator Ray Rhodes called down from the press box after almost every series. "Ray's so into the game, he always wants to know what our mentality is on the field, what's going on," Butler explained later. "Every pass that's completed, he wants to know why. Why? As soon as we made that big play, Ray called down there again." And what did Rhodes want this time? "He told me, 'That's what I expect,' " Butler said.

AL TIELEMANS

After the game, Holland (50) wondered why the Lions had given Sanders so few carries.

six to play. The team's record and its four-game winning streak were viewed by many around the league as a commentary not on the Lions' strength but on the flimsiness of their schedule—Detroit's opponents had a combined 29–54 record going into Sunday's games. But by any standard Detroit was on a road to renewal. Last season, reeling from the loss of guards Mike Utley, who was paralyzed after an injury to his spinal cord during a game in November 1991, and Eric Andolsek, who died after being hit by a car in June '92, the Lions staggered to a 5–11 finish only a year after having gone to the NFC Championship Game.

"Maybe we didn't handle death and paralysis as well as we could have handled it," linebacker Chris Spielman says. "I don't know how well you can do that, but we weren't mentally focused. Unfortunately, in this profession your adjustment, your sorrow time, has to be accelerated."

The Silverdome lockers of Utley and Andolsek remained empty in '92, like raw wounds—and like the gaping holes that the players' absences left in the offensive line. The holes were filled in the off-season by the acquisition of free-agent guards Bill Fralic and Dave Richards and tackle Dave Lutz. These powerful run blockers helped Detroit take another stride in its gradual transition from the run-and-shoot to a more varied offense. In the past three seasons the Lions have gone from no tight ends to as many as three, from the Silver Stretch to more of a Blue Bludgeon. "Last year, we got outmanned a lot," Sanders said before the Packer game. "This year, we're basically in control of the line."

On the defensive side the Lions replaced coordinator Woody Widenhofer before the season with 58-year-old Hank Bullough, who had been out of football for a year after being released by the Packers. A workaholic with 34 years of coaching experience, Bullough has expanded Detroit's look from a two-gap front with a basic zone behind it to as many as three dozen fronts and a hundred-plus coverages. Entering Sunday's game, the Lion defense ranked fifth in the NFL; it has not finished in the upper half of the league in that department in 10 seasons. "Henry's a schemer," says Detroit coach Wayne Fontes. "Sometimes our guys go out there on Monday, and by Wednesday or Thursday they're going, 'What's that call? Rabbit? Hound Dog? Saint Bernard? No, that was last week.' And then Friday, it just all fits in."

Bullough figured to unleash a kennel's worth of red dogs at Packer quarterback Brett Favre. After earning a trip to the Pro Bowl last February in his first full season as a starter, the strong-armed Favre has struggled, trying to carry the load single-handedly against schemes designed to confuse him. "Last year it was real vanilla," Favre says. "I'd walk up to the line, I'd look, I'd drop back and I'd throw it. Other teams figured I was a rookie, and they let me make my own mistakes, but I didn't do that. Now they figure they'd better do something to screw me up."

To help ease Favre's burden, the Pack acquired running back Eric Dickerson from the Atlanta Falcons on Oct. 12, but Dickerson flunked his physical because of a spinal injury. Still, the trade paid off: Holmgren had installed some I-formation plays for Dickerson that Darrell Thompson, a formidable straight-ahead runner, has been able to use to boost Green Bay's sputtering ground game. And even as Favre's efficiency rating has plummeted to 21st in the league, Holmgren has stood by him. "From a coaching standpoint there's the normal frustration," Holm-

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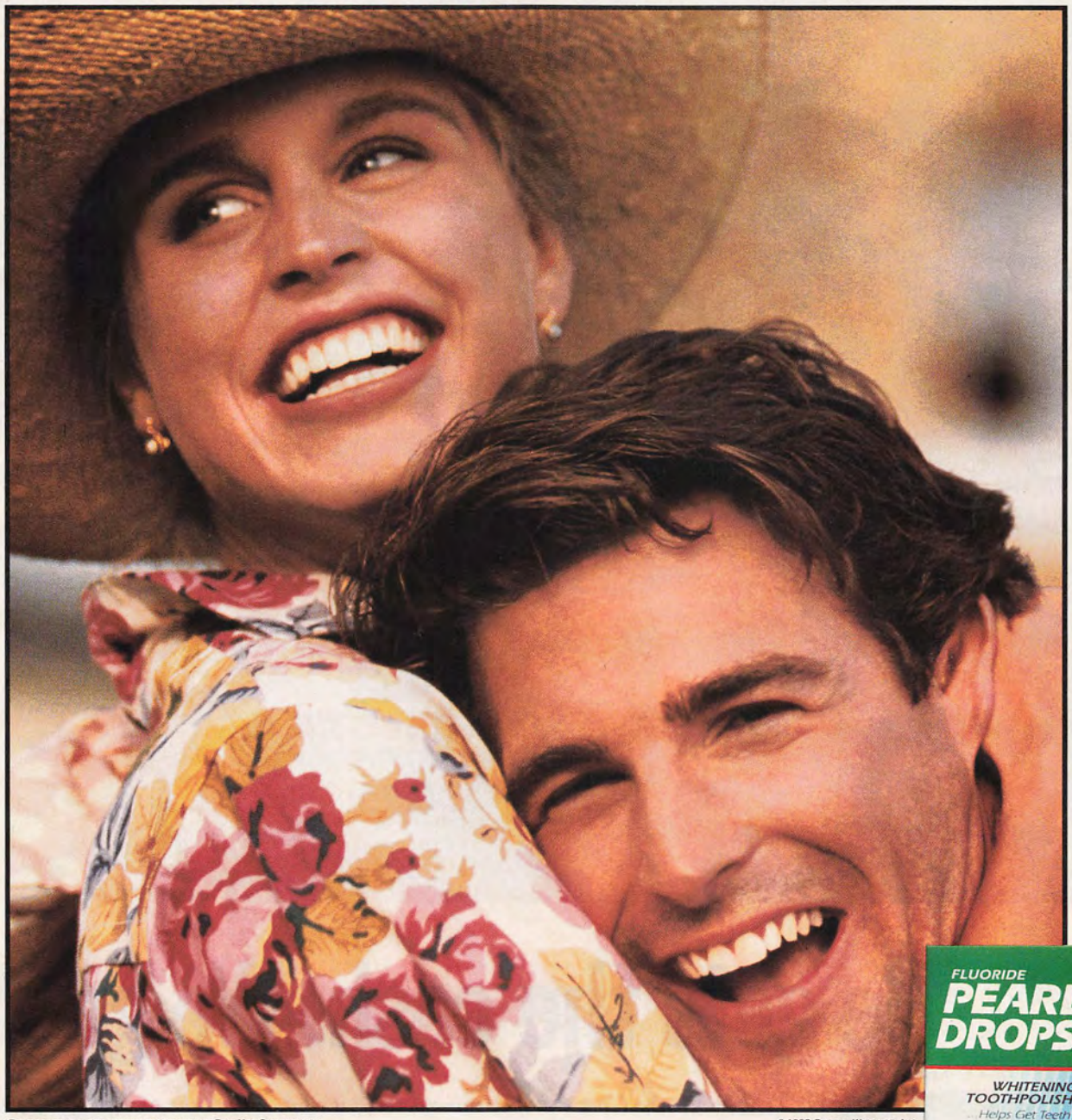

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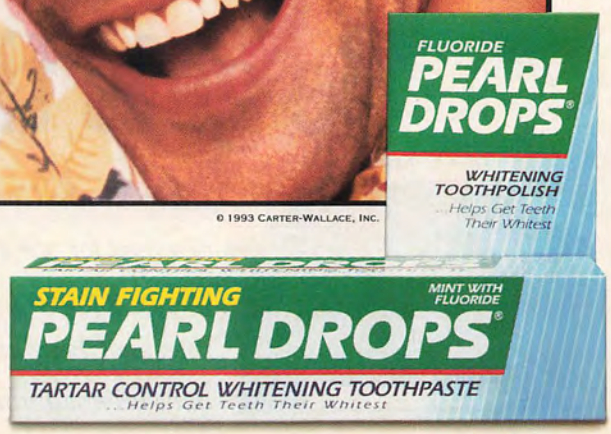

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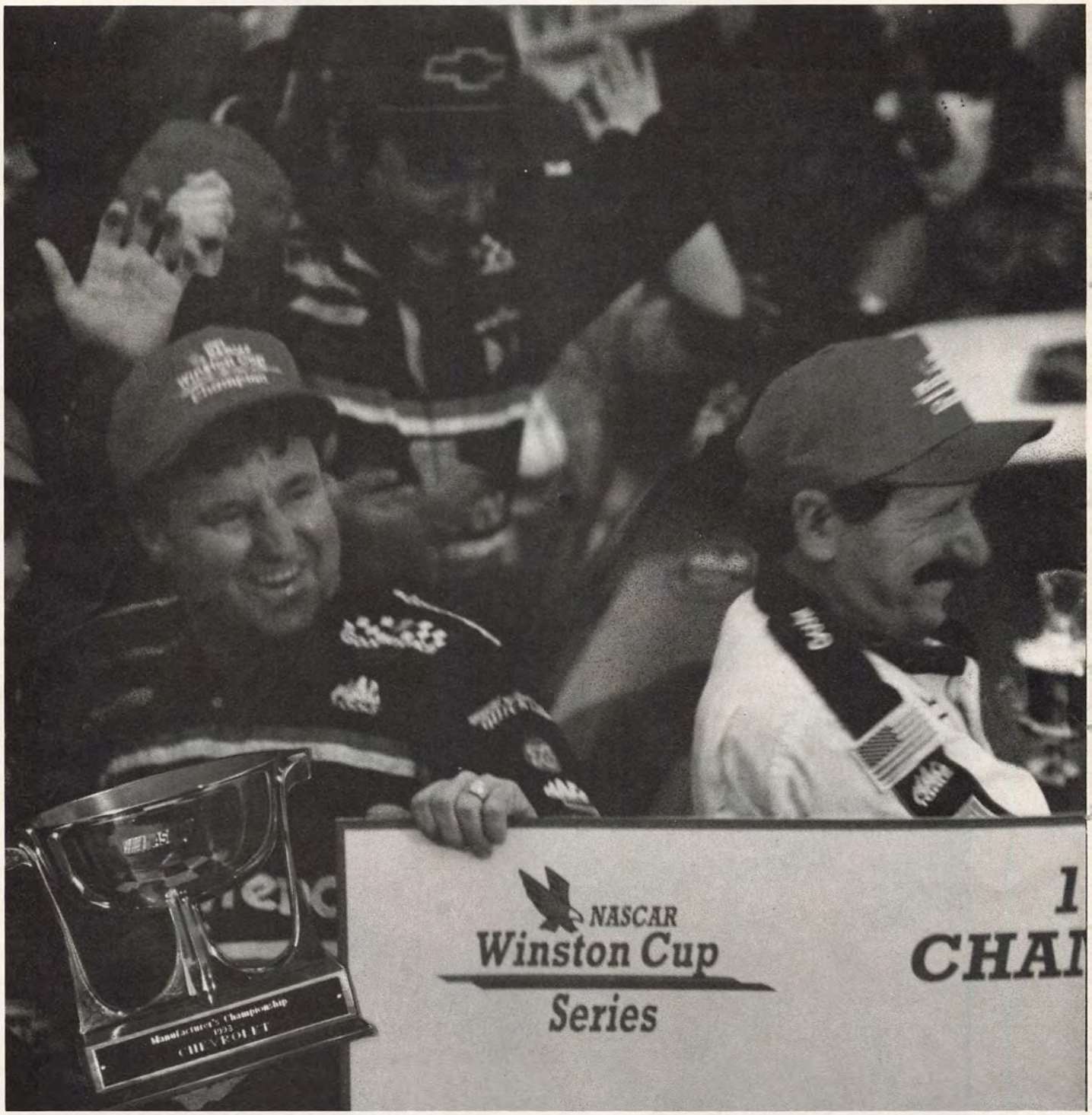

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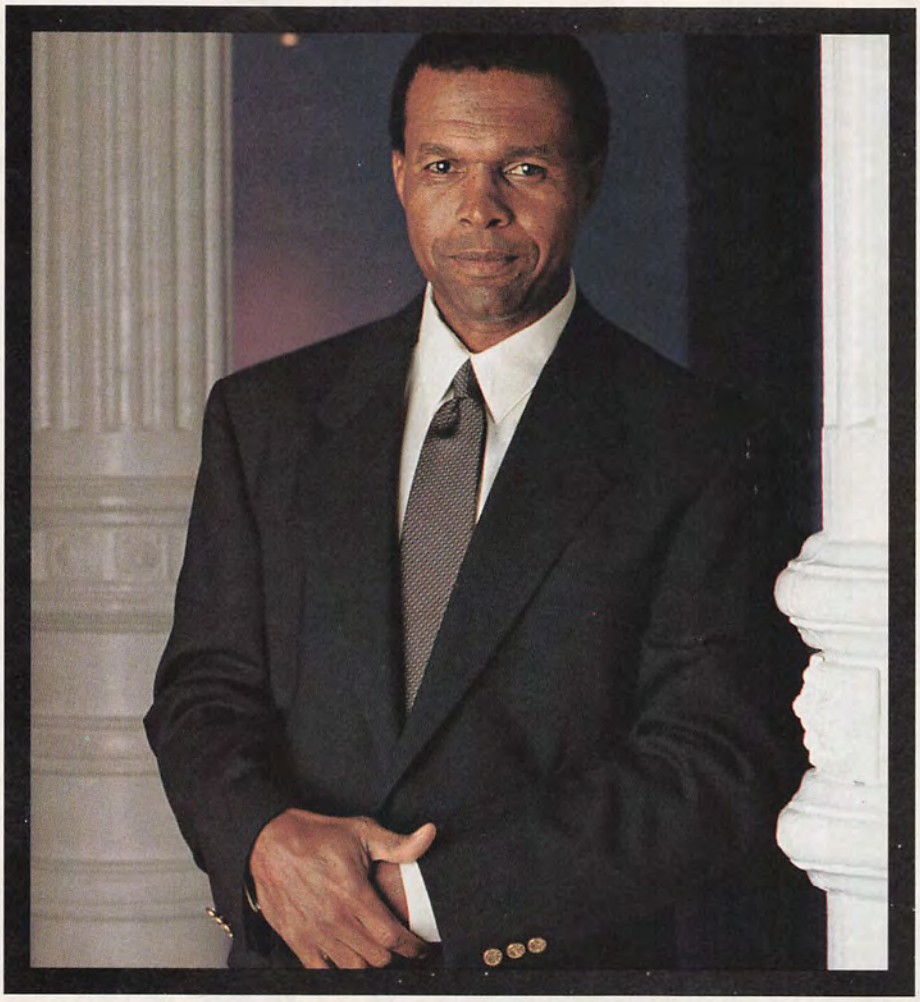

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gren says. "But I know what I have, and I have a good one."

On Sunday's opening drive Favre completed all four of his passes into a 27-mph wind, marched the Packers 80 yards into Detroit's end zone and looked more comfortable reading the Lions' blitzes than he had the extensive menu at an Italian restaurant in Milwaukee the night before. (Having grown up near Mississippi's Gulf Coast, Favre was familiar with shrimp, and he eventually settled on the scampi.) He did throw two first-half interceptions, but in all Favre had a solid day: 24 completions in 33 attempts for 259 yards. Thompson (18 rushes for 73 yards) and Bennett (15 for 66 and two touchdowns) helped balance the Pack attack, which piled up nearly twice the yardage that the Lions did, 404 yards to 205.

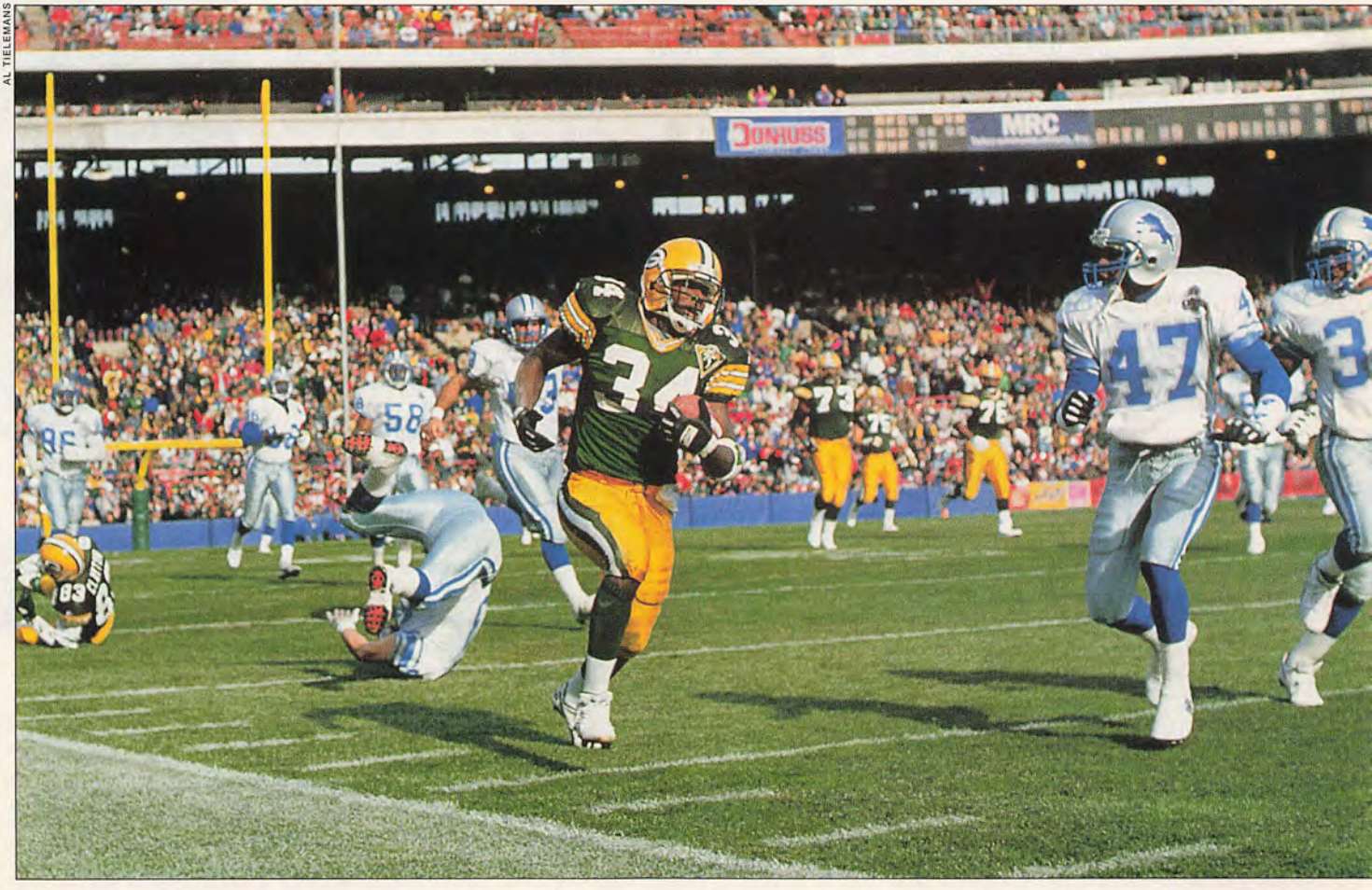
Set up by Derrick Moore's 68-yard kickoff return at the start of the third quarter, Detroit took a 17–13 lead on Peete's one-yard touchdown pass to tight end Ty Hallock. But the Lions were unable to sustain an offensive flow. While Sanders gained 75 yards on 17 carries and joined Dickerson and Tony Dorsett as the only backs in league history to gain more than 1,000 yards in each of their first five seasons, he rushed only four times in the second half, which surprised the Packers. "If I was their offensive coordinator, I'd put it in [Sanders's] hands 30 or 35 times a game," Holland said. "Toward the end, I don't think they used him as effectively as they should have."

Green Bay seemed to spend most of the second half in the red zone, casting longing glances toward Detroit's goal line. In the third quarter, after Favre and Sterling Sharpe hooked up on a gorgeous 20-yard sideline pattern that brought them to the Lion two, the Pack was set back by two tackles for losses and a pair of penalties, one of which negated an apparent touchdown pass to Mark Clayton. Placekicker Chris Jacke wound up missing a 53-yard field goal try, snapping his streak of 17 straight three-pointers, but he still wound up with four field goals on the day, including a 52-yarder and another from 34 yards out that put Green Bay ahead 19–17 with 9:03 remaining.

But ultimately in the black-and-blue division, games are won by the team that inflicts more bruises, and White was the most contusing force on Sunday. As the season progresses, he figures to get more support. Butler is emerging as a team leader and a star; Pro Bowl–caliber linebacker Tony Bennett is just rounding into shape after ending a 103-day holdout on Oct. 27; and two other playmaking linebackers—Bryce Paup and Wayne Simmons—didn't even dress on Sunday because of injuries. Holmgren's first words to his team after the game were along these lines: I can't wait to see what happens when we finally click on all cylinders.

Or, as White put it the day before: "I try my best to encourage my teammates, but I can't do it if I'm not producing, which I really wasn't in the beginning. Playing well has allowed me to say, 'Hey, we have a lot of talent. Now it's time to produce.' " With that attitude, the Pack may indeed go deep. ■

AL TIELEMANS



The Packer ground game has stumbled, but Bennett broke free for 66 yards and two TDs.

A Battler to The End

Heather Farr lost her life to breast cancer, but not without putting up a gallant fight

by RICHARD HOFFER

CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

IN HOSPITAL CORRIDORS THEY ARE KNOWN AS PROCEdures, medical events so horrifying that even doctors prefer euphemism. In her young life Heather Farr had six different procedures, some of them more than once. There was a modified radical mastectomy, a breast reconstruction, a bone-marrow transplant, chemotherapy, radiation and a spinal stereotactic radiosurgery. There were additional procedures that were somewhat more peripheral to her cancer treatment, such as a 15½-hour surgery to remove a vertebrae-eating tumor that would have strangled her spinal cord and could have paralyzed her. There were surgeries to relieve brain hemorrhages, surgery to remove a breast implant that had hardened and was causing hemorrhaging, eight surgeries just last month to halt persistent internal bleeding.

The accumulated trauma—delivered intermittently since her cancer was discovered 4½ years ago, but lately accelerated until it became one blurred period of intensive care—finally killed her last week. Once one of the LPGA's most promising stars, she died, more or less indirectly, of her breast cancer. Heather Farr's small body, hollowed and scooped too often by too many teams of surgeons, just gave out. Bodies subjected to so many procedures often do.

She died young, of course. She was just 28. But, odd to say, she did not die unlucky. She was surrounded by family—her parents, her sister, her husband of eight months—in a hospital near her Phoenix home. The women's golf tour, which honors her annually with a pro-am fund-raiser and daily with caps emblazoned with the phrase CONQUER THE MOUNTAIN, happened to be in town over the weekend too. That was a minor but intriguing serendipity. Though removed from the LPGA tour for more than four years, Heather Farr was not apart from it even in death. More than a dozen of her fellow golfers were at the hospital when she died on Saturday night.

Did not die unlucky, we say. Well, that is an arrogance only the living can afford. Surely it is a terrible thing to watch such a talent lapse toward death, procedure by procedure, until the golf club waved once with such astonishing charisma finally becomes somebody else's . . . memento. Her game, which was just beginning to boom when she first felt a lump in her breast, is now just a footnote to the tour, a catalyst for fund-raising in the fight against cancer. What is it to be married amid the promise of remission, with hopes of a purposeful life and an activism that could become more meaningful than any Sara Lee endorsement contract ever was, and then to die? Where is luck in any of this? The tidiness of Heather Farr's life—16 carefully tended rosebushes at her home, which rests hard by a golf course—was mocked by the chaos of cancer. Did not die unlucky?

But Farr never thought of her cancer as unlucky, and would not have considered her death to be so. She was not so stoic that she never cried at bad news—and she got so much of it—but she didn't permit much self-pity. As she fought from procedure to procedure, she suffered little remorse over the loss of her once flourishing career. She let it go, the money and the fame. Once, passing through her small house, she stopped to show a visitor one of the few artifacts she retained from her golf days. It was a picture, a favorite one, of her teeing off. "See the yardage chart flapping in my back pocket?" she said. The detail arrested her somehow. "And look at that ponytail!" On a rare introspective day, as she faced yet another round of chemotherapy the next week, that moment passed for self-pity. She missed her hair.

Mostly she knew, and she preached, that her condition was

In '92, despite painful therapy and the loss of her hair, Farr planned a comeback.

not unique or special. Frighteningly, it was actually a commonplace. "One in nine," she told you. Perhaps *your fiancée, your daughter, your sister* would get breast cancer. One in nine did. A lot of them, with cancers diagnosed as late as hers, would die too. Just because they did was no reason to feel that life was unlucky or unfair.

"Life's not fair to anybody," she said in an interview last year, having just learned of more spots on her skull and pelvic area and having scheduled yet more procedures. "Sometimes you just have to get a grip. Do you know what's not fair? My second year on the tour, I didn't make a check for eight weeks. And the ninth week, when I did make a check? It was for $500." She laughed at the story. "You just play through."

It was that determination, not the luck of natural talent, that had given her a career in golf in the first place. Certainly her life in the sport had begun without much promise. In her first

match, when she was just nine, she was paired with a kid named Billy Mayfair, now a pro. He was none too friendly, either. Standing ahead of her on the tee, he told her to hurry up and hit it. "I don't know where this is going," she said. He told her to *just hurry up* and hit it. So she did. She doubled him over with a drive right into his stomach. "Boy, did he whine," she said, laughing at the memory.

Sometime after that her game took off. She was Arizona amateur champion at the age of 13, a PGA junior winner at 17, a college star at Arizona State at 19, a two-time All-America. She qualified for the tour on her first attempt—she was just 20.

MICHAEL SCULLY

Though ravaged by disease, Farr married Lingmerth last March.

By her third year as a pro she was 41st on the money list, with a lucrative endorsement contract, an unlimited future. It was not accidental or God-given. "When she first came on the tour," remembers former pro Mary Bryan, "nobody worked harder. Heather was determined to do well."

Still, after she felt that lump in 1988, she became better known for her sickness than she ever was for her golf game. She did not attract a morbid interest, though. It was just that her fight, what she had to do or maybe just chose to do, was so shocking in its gravity and its detail. Perhaps many cancer patients suffer similarly as they choose aggressive treatments. But the particulars, as we came to learn them of this public figure, were scarifying enough to make her endurance riveting.

Her first treatments, after her breast and lymph nodes were removed in 1989, caused nausea and hair loss, common consequences. Eleven months after her first chemotherapy treatments had ended, more tumors were discovered. She chose to attack them with a bone-marrow transplant, but before it could be scheduled, a tumor would have to be removed from her spine. That surgery left her with a seven-inch rod in her back and with more or less constant pain. And even after the transplant had been done—it demanded a chemotherapy so toxic it impaired her hearing and caused her to vomit for three months after she returned home—available statistics promised no better than a 50% chance of survival.

And after each procedure, new spots would show. Even after the transplant, the tumor on her skull remained. In the summer of 1991 it was removed. Three months after that a spot was discovered on her hip. More radiation therapy. Still, five months after, in February 1992, undaunted, she announced she would return to the tour in 1993.

She was never able to, of course. In the spring of 1992 doctors found cancerous lesions on her skull and pelvis, a discovery that not only interrupted plans to rejoin the tour but also threw her wedding plans with Goran Lingmerth, a former NFL kicker, into disarray. Another procedure was required, more radiation, after which, undaunted still, she did indeed marry.

But the window of remission never opened fully for Farr, and there was never a stretch of normalcy for her. Doctors apprised her of their gruesome discoveries and demanded yet more procedures. Last August doctors performed emergency surgery to remove a breast implant that had hardened. In September she underwent an X-ray procedure to destroy another cancerous tumor on her spine. In October she had a series of operations to stop internal bleeding and to reconstruct her chest wall. And in November, a day before Farr was to be sent home for additional treatment, a doctor in California told her he'd discovered a new hematoma. "If she doesn't fall apart now," her mother, Sharon, told *The Orange County Register* at the time, "she never will." She didn't fall apart and did finally get back to Arizona, where she died, racked by seizures and hemorrhages, several procedures later.

It is difficult, maybe impossible, to make sense of Heather Farr's life and death. It would be much easier to extract a lesson had she somehow survived. But she didn't, and her agonies and disappointments seem all the more terrible without the payoff of old age. She played through it, all right, and for what? Just so the rest of us would get a glimpse of the upper threshold of hope?

About all you can say for sure is she's gone and that her long bouncy stride down the fairway will be forever missed. About that stride: She knew people laughed at it, the way she rushed off the tee, a walk too exaggerated to be simply purposeful, hurried enough to be comic. But she couldn't help it. Long ago her father had told her that she would have to try—try doubly hard—to keep up if she wanted to play with the older, much taller guys, guys like Billy Mayfair. They would leave her behind if she didn't. So you must picture, if you can, the tiny figure, just 5′ 1″, given reprieve from her procedures, bounding down the fairway at a ridiculous pace. Heather Farr, playing through. ■

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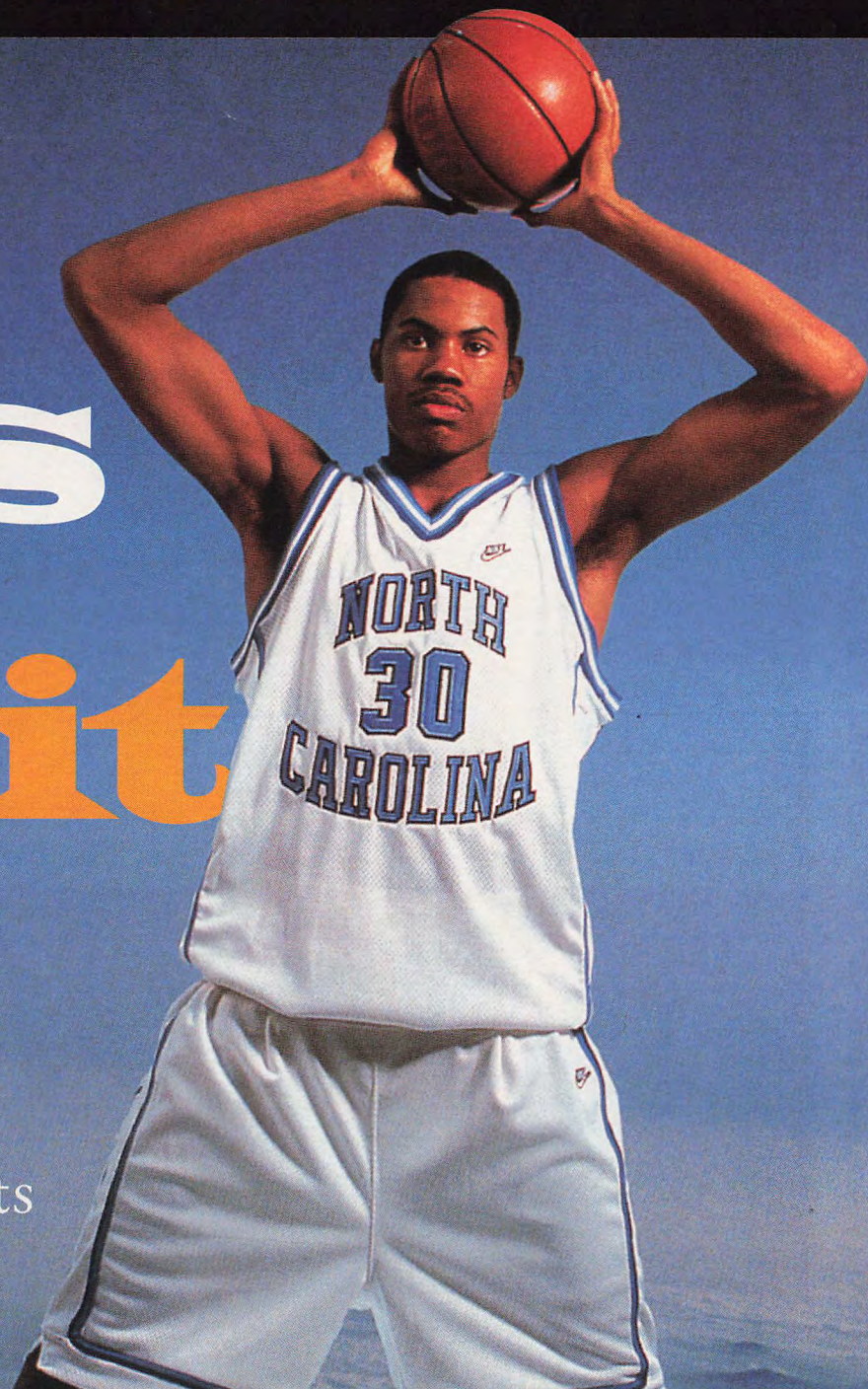
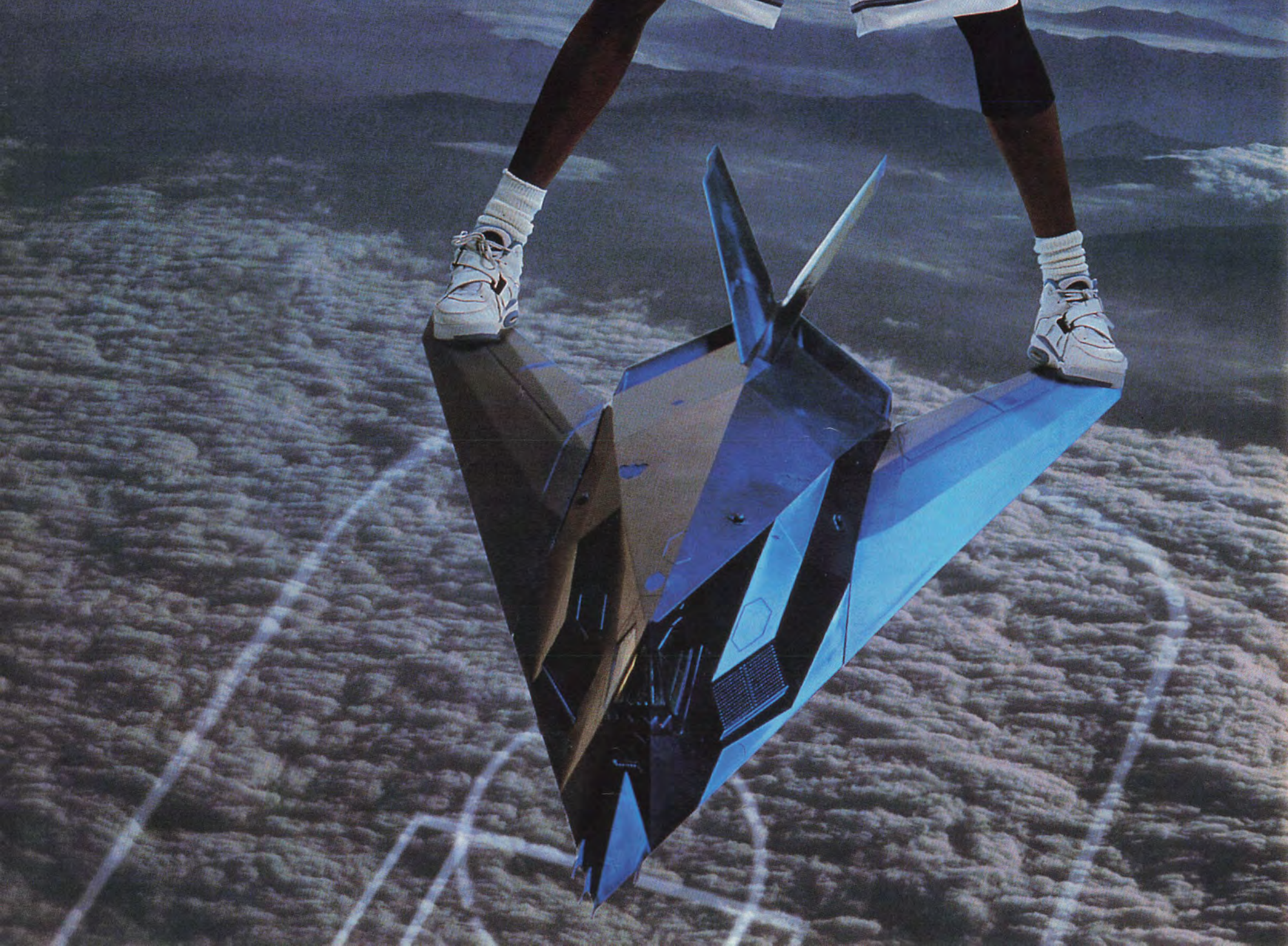
The Sky's The Limit

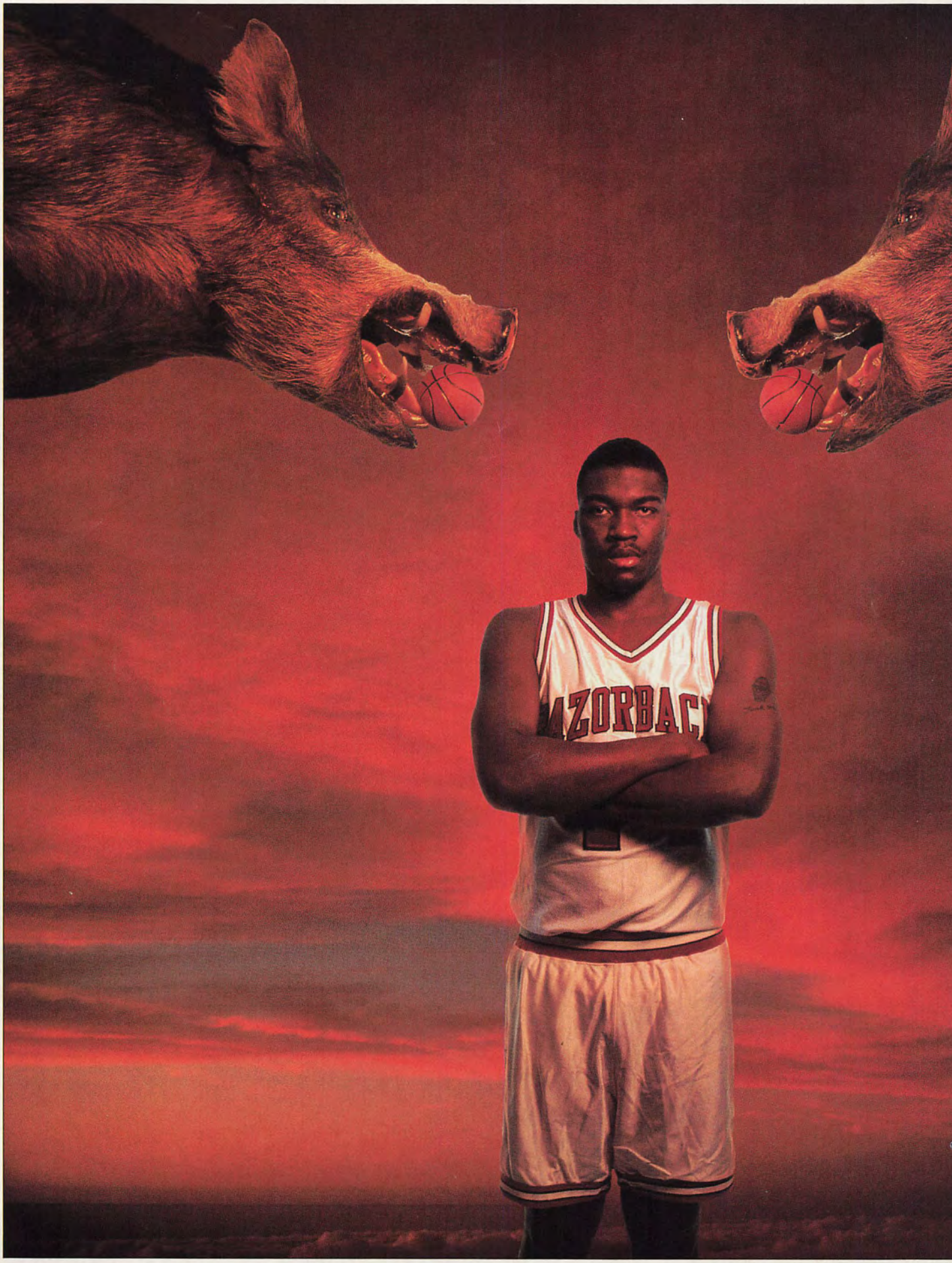
Tar Heel Rasheed Wallace heads a squadron of first-year big men who, because of their remarkable range and mobility, promise to take the game to new heights

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

Photographs by Josef Astor






ZORBAC

IF YOU CAUGHT last spring's NCAA tournament, you no doubt saw 7-foot Eric Montross of North Carolina take his buzzcut to interior defenses like a Brillo pad to dirty dishes. But if you concluded from the Tar Heels' championship that Double-Aught Eric and his prehistoric game represent the standard for college centers today, there's someone we'd like you to meet.

His name is Avondre Jones. He'll be a freshman at Southern Cal this season. And he harbors a very specific fantasy.

"I want to bring Shaq out on the wing, O.K.?" Jones says, referring to that icon of inside domination, Shaquille O'Neal of the NBA's Orlando Magic. "I'd pump to the right, give him that Tim Hardaway crossover dribble, then spin past him . . . like that!"

This reverie wouldn't be so remarkable were it not for one niggling detail: Jones stands 6′ 11″. He can essentially look O'Neal in the eye. Yet he's hardly alone in possessing the potential to one day act out so impudent a scenario. This season's freshman class features a whole new species of big man, a highly skilled, low-post-resistant strain. Jones, Duke's Joey Beard and Greg Newton, Wisconsin's Rashard Griffith, North Carolina's Rasheed Wallace, Massachusetts's Marcus Camby and Arkansas's Darnell Robinson all go 6′ 9″ or taller. They join an existing group of Balanchine behemoths—players like 6′ 9″ Juwan Howard of Michigan, 6′ 11″ Cherokee Parks of Duke, 7′ 3″ Constantin Popa of Miami, 6′ 9″ Clifford Rozier of Louisville, 6′ 10″ Othella Harrington of Georgetown, 6′ 11″ Sharone Wright of Clemson and 6′ 11″ Derrick Alston of Duquesne—players who have a jumper *and* a handle *and* can run the floor. Together they threaten to reconfigure the game for the next millennium.

Not since the arrival on campus of the high school class of '88, which ultimately delivered Alonzo Mourning, Christian Laettner, Shawn Kemp, Oliver Miller and Jerrod Mustaf to the pros, has a group of first-year players held so much promise. "This class may have more depth and quality in its big kids than any previous recruiting class," says Van Coleman, who follows the recruiting scene for *Future Stars* magazine. "As many as 10 of them could end up in the NBA."

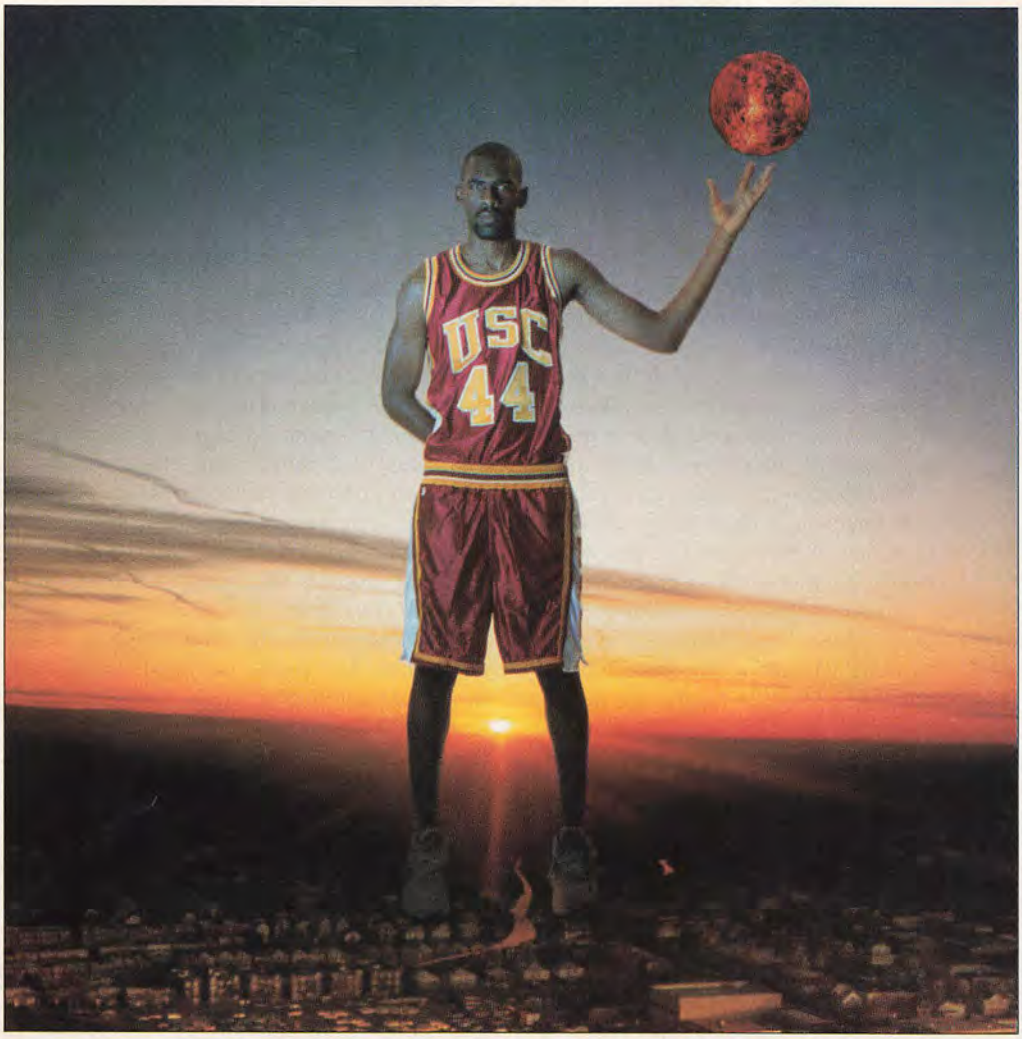
Jones's coach, George Raveling, calls the new kids "camp boomers." They have played year-round for so many seasons, doing all the station drills on the game's fundamentals at summer camp after summer camp, that they're now eager and able to unleash those skills over 94 feet. A cut from O'Neal's new rap album, *Shaq Diesel*, could be the anthem of this confident and versatile new breed. It's title: *(I Know I Got) Skillz*.

What's so noteworthy about these big men is how they can be deployed. Time was when most pivotmen were like Montross or Oklahoma State's 7-foot Bryant Reeves *(page 44)* or George Washington's 7′ 1″ Yinka Dare, centers who were comfortable with their backs to the basket, playing the low post as the hub for an offense's wheel. Using that fixed point, teammates played Take a Number—1, 2, 3 or 4—for spots around their redoubtable 5.

Having such a big man meant almost a sure trip to the Final Four. Yet a full decade has now passed since Georgetown's Patrick Ewing, Houston's Akeem Olajuwon, Kentucky's Mel Turpin and Virginia's Olden Polynice did orthodox battle in Seattle at the 1984 Final Four. Since then frontcourt supremacy in the postseason has been ceded to smaller, quicker big men like Laettner of Duke, Danny Manning of Kansas, Larry Johnson of UNLV and Chris Webber of Michigan, all of whom became forwards in the NBA.

A basketball-savvy generation—call it Generation X 'n' O—has taken note. "In the recruiting process, you can lose a lot of kids if you tell them they're going to be down in the paint," says Jeff Jones, coach at Virginia, which has featured a faster, more diminutive frontcourt ever since Polynice left, in 1986. Adds Western Kentucky's Ralph Willard, "We sell our big kids on how they're not going to be sumo wres-

Robinson typifies the new big man: The Razorbacks' 6′ 11″ center made 15 threes last year in high school.



tlers inside. They're going to face the basket, put the ball on the floor, shoot the three and become complete players."

Bob Bender, the new coach at Washington, just shakes his head. "Calling a player 'real hard-nosed' used to be a compliment," he says. "Now it's almost become a negative. Like, Don't I have any talent?"

The new kids have talent, gobs of it, and that's the happy problem. Raveling practically unraveled while wooing Jones. Over the final two weeks before last May's signing date for recruits, he wrote the Jones family roughly 90 letters *each day (page 96)*.

At Artesia High in Lakewood, Calif., fans had a nickname for Jones: Earthquake 7.0, in reference (with a little rounding up) to his height. But if he had his druthers, Jones would rather register on the fun meter than on a seismograph. "I always wanted to be a point guard," says Jones, who writes songs and plays keyboards for a rap group called 3Wayz. "I don't want to take only turnarounds and jump hooks. Out on the wing other teams are going to have their biggest man on me, and I'm a whole lot quicker."

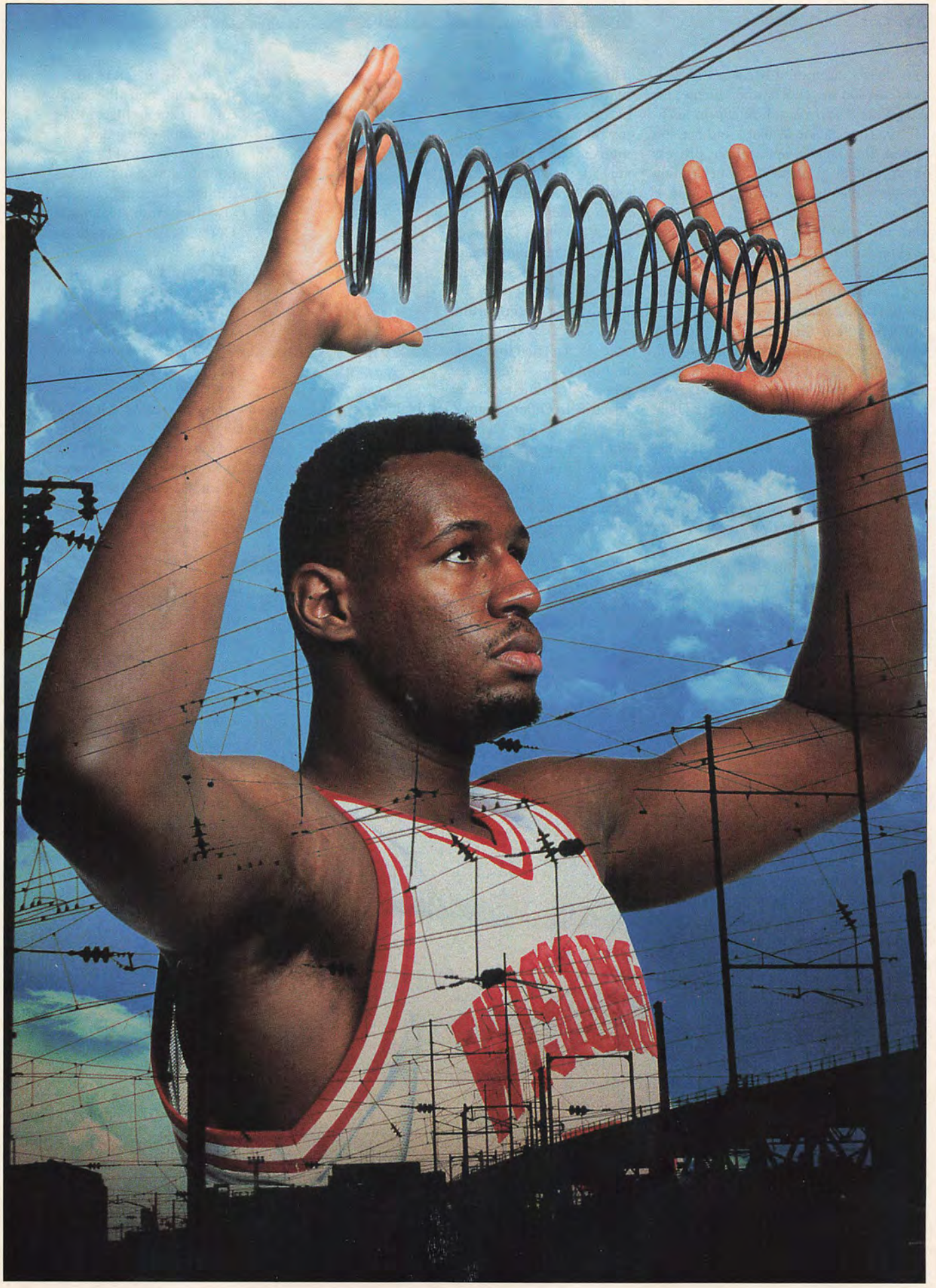
Operating from the wing has virtually become school policy at Duke, where back-to-the-basket big men went out with Mike Gminski in 1980. So limited a role would be far too confining for Beard, a 6′ 9″ former soccer player from Grant Hill's alma mater, South Lakes High in Reston, Va. Like Beard, the 6′ 11″ Newton was a good enough athlete to distinguish himself in another sport, but since he was Canadian, that game was ice hockey. Newton is more of a classic big man than Beard, in build and disposition, but he nonetheless chafed under the walk-it-up style favored by his high school team in Niagara Falls, Ont. Beard and Newton will take their places in Duke's long line of skilled big men: first Mark Alarie, then Danny Ferry, then Laettner and now even Parks, who arrived in Durham petrified to look at the basket but who has since developed a face-up jumper and first step to be proud of. "Why do we call them guards, forwards and centers?" says Duke coach Mike Krzyzewski, whose motion offense has never featured rigid distinctions. "They all run up and down the court. They're not, like, third basemen. They're just players."

There are players, and then there's the 6′ 11″ Griffith, who stood 6′ 10″ as an eighth-grader when the college recruiters first began coming around. By the time he had finished his four seasons at Chicago's Martin Luther King Jr. High, the team had won two state titles with undefeated seasons. His mother, Elaine Griffith, wrested control of her son's recruitment from powerful King coach Landon (Sonny) Cox, and when Rashard's low scores on the qualifying ACT test threatened to put him on the shelf for his freshman year, she paid for the college-board prep course that helped him make the grade.

At 265 pounds, with the ability to bench-press 280, Griffith would be wasted playing outside the arc for the run-and-shoot Badgers. "He really does have the disposition to dominate the paint," Wisconsin coach Stu Jackson says. "He gets his perimeter fulfillment from playing H-O-R-S-E and joking around in practice." But Griffith feels he needs that "perimeter fulfillment" nonetheless—and Jackson envisions him eventually burying threes in games.

Like Griffith, with whom he shared the MVP award at Magic Johnson's Roundball Classic in April, Wallace has a mom

Southern Cal's Jones has a world of potential and a dream that one day he'll take Shaq to the rack.



who closely monitored her son's recruitment and led the cheers when he met his Prop 48 test-score requirement on his final try. Then Jackie Wallace and her son turned the college-application process on its ear. She asked 10 front-running schools to fill out a detailed questionnaire so Rasheed could better decide if *they* were the right school for *him*. She also tape-recorded every coach's visit to her Philadelphia home. But where Rashard won't be drifting outside for a few seasons yet, Rasheed could show up anywhere for North Carolina this season. It scarcely seems fair for someone who stands 6′ 10″, but Wallace has a 31-inch vertical leap, runs a 4.5 40 and earned letters in cross-country and track at Simon Gratz High. Bob Kurland he ain't.

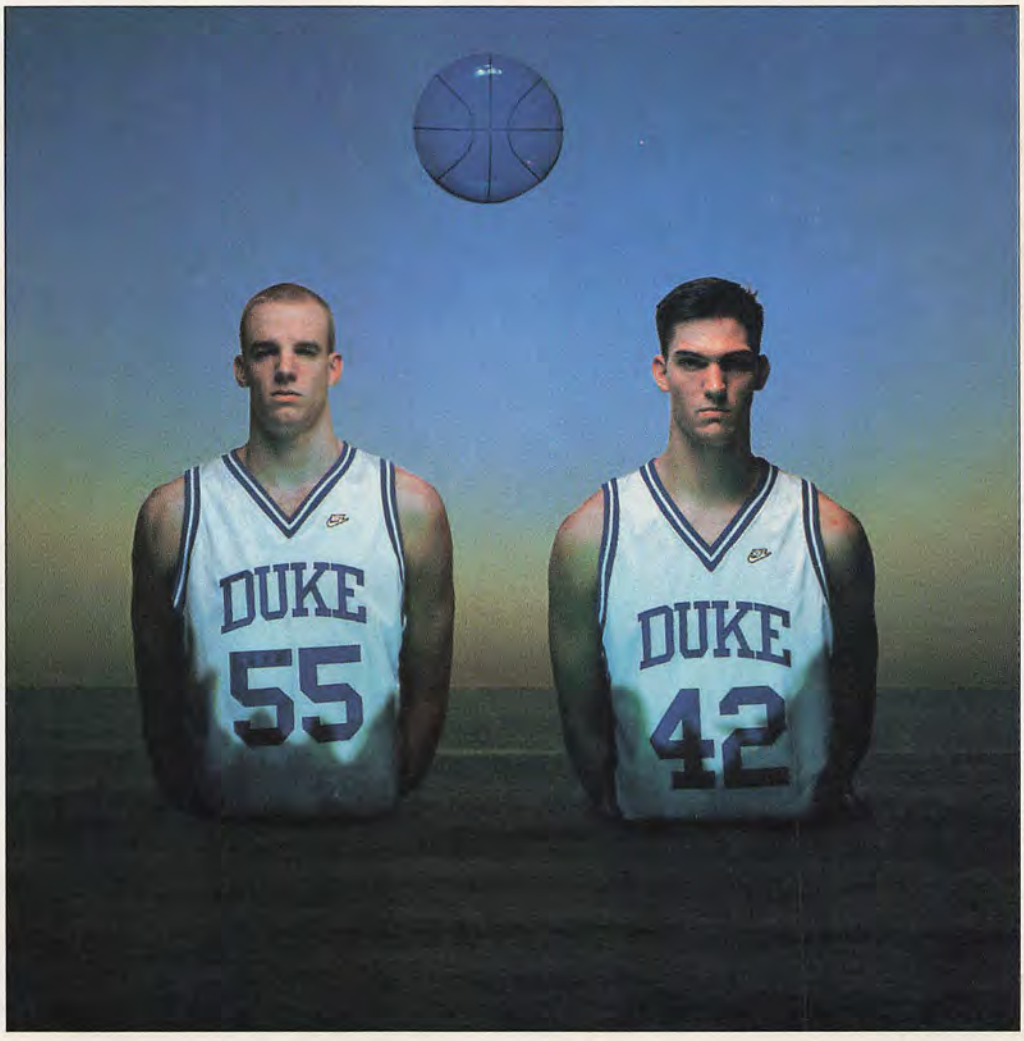
Needless to say, Tar Heel coach Dean Smith probably thought he had the prize recruit of the season. Then he ran into NBA television analyst Hubie Brown at the U.S. Olympic Festival in San Antonio in July. "Sorry, Dean," Brown needled Smith, "but you got the wrong guy." Like everyone else at the festival, Brown was dazzled by the 6′ 11″, 215-pound Camby. At the Capital Classic a few months earlier the UMass signee had scored 19 points, grabbed 19 rebounds and blocked six shots, winning the MVP award even though he played on the losing team. (Perhaps he wouldn't have been on the losing team if he had played more than 22 minutes.) Then he blocked 21 shots in three games at the Olympic Festival as Wallace's backup, causing a number of players to ask, "Where'd *you* come from?"

The short answer is Hartford. The long one is a bit more complicated. Camby began his high school career at Conard High in suburban West Hartford as part of a voluntary busing program, and he played two seasons there. But several games into his junior year, he transferred to Hartford's Public High because he missed his cityside friends. At Public he had to sit out the rest of that season and all of the next because of state transfer rules. Credit the Minutemen, true to their moniker, for having mobilized early and recruited him as a ninth-grader. Camby grew about 10 inches between his freshman and senior years, and UMass's early interest made it easy for him to resist the importunings of four Big East schools that tried to muscle in on UMass late in the game. According to Xavier coach Pete Gillen, Camby is "the biggest sleeper since Rip Van Winkle." Big, yes, but Camby won't be a back-to-the-basket center. (Seeing a trend here yet?) "What he is," says UMass coach John Calipari, "is an athletic big forward. He'll play low. He'll play high. He's a good passer."

> The emergence of Newton (left) and Beard should give the Blue Devils a very deep team this season.

Down at Arkansas there's only one other creature on campus bigger than Robinson. Every day, the Razorbacks' 6′ 11″, 255-pound newcomer makes a point of dropping by to visit the Truth, teammate Corey Beck's 8′ 6″ python. "Don't want *him* on my bad side," says Robinson.

No recruiters trying to get on Robinson's good side were permitted to visit his home in Emeryville, Calif. Nor did Robinson, who scored more points than any other player in state scholastic history, officially visit any school other than Arkansas. He signed early with the Razorbacks last November. "I just looked at the way Coach [Nolan] Richardson coaches the game, and it spoke for itself," says Robinson. "It's instinct and reaction.



He doesn't put any shackles on you."

At tiny Emery High, where he was one of only 106 students, Robinson averaged 30 points, 20 rebounds and 10 blocks over his last two seasons. But he was Gulliver in Lilliput. "In high school I'd get double- and triple-teamed," says Robinson, who sank 15 three-pointers as a senior. "I had to go outside if I wanted to be part of the game." Now he's taking on another challenge, the withering pace of Hawgball. "Here he knows he's got to run or he won't get to shoot," says Richardson.

If he plays in the NBA some day, Robinson says, "I'll be real honored—and real prepared." To be sure, we'll see most of these young men in the pros. But will we ever see them in the Final Four? Such young NBA All-Stars as Mourning, O'Neal, Brad Daugherty, David Robinson and Dikembe Mutombo never played in one, much less won an NCAA title. "Even a great center has to have the other pieces to the puzzle," says Gillen. "He's not like Atlas, who can carry the world on his shoulders." But the early elimination of so many impressive big men in recent NCAA tournaments still raises a question: Considering the rules of the college game today, are coaches making the best use of size when they get it?

No factor has had more impact on the evolution of the big man than the three-point shot. "It opened up the game and greatly influenced the way kids want to play it," says Kansas coach Roy Williams. In the early '80s, before the three-pointer was introduced, most successful centers were 6′ 10″ and solid. The average Final Four center stood 6′ 10¼″ in 1982, 6′ 10″ in 1983, 6′ 11½″ in 1984 and 6′ 11¼″ in 1985. But since the three-pointer became part of the game, in 1986–87, the average height has been barely 6′ 9″. This suggests that because defenses are now more spread out, the shot has both diminished the advantage of a single huge player and rewarded the more agile, smaller frontcourtman who can operate in the unclogged lane. (Of course a team that has complementary outside shooting can still effectively use a big man in traditional fashion. Without an outside threat, though, O'Neal took such a beating from collapsing zones that he left LSU early for refuge in the NBA. But with Donald Williams showering threes for Carolina in last year's tournament, Montross won a national championship.)

For all their complaints about the unwillingness of today's big kids to go low and bang, coaches must accept some blame for not forcing them to. The vogue in motion offense over the past dozen years has created a generation of post players who would sooner work on their jump shot than on their power move, but it has also spawned coaches who couldn't teach classic center play if they wanted to. Hall of Famer Pete Newell, the professor of the post and a former coach at Cal, believes that's a particular shame, because the three-point shot should make big men who play close to the basket more effective than ever. "What prevented Ewing and Olajuwon from being real offensive forces in college was the massed defense that motion brings," says Newell. "They had no room to develop jump hooks and turnarounds. The three-point shot unmassed the defense by stretching offensive movement out. Coaches are slowly realizing the value of dumping the ball inside. We should be getting back to more post offense with good outside shooting."

About now you're asking, Isn't there something wrong with this picture? Just as the evolving importance of the outside shot cries out for throwbacks down low, here comes a boatload of camp boomers enamored with playing outside. Their drift away from the paint stems from the new generation's fixation on Magic and Michael and the pro game. But in the NBA you get only 24 seconds to shoot. In the colleges, where you have 11 extra seconds to build a basket, it behooves a team to go into the post at least once per possession, if only to get the defense to collapse so the ball can be kicked back out for a three.

Montross contemplates a universe of possibilities when he fields an entry pass: Do I whip the ball back out to Donald Williams beyond the arc? Or lay it off to Brian Reese slashing to the hoop? Or do I wheel and power to the basket myself? Of course a player in such a position must be a rare athlete and decision-maker, and most schools can't expect to land a Montross, or even a rough cut like Reeves. What's more, for every big lug who blossoms like Reeves, there's one who wilts. When Western Kentucky took out favored Seton Hall in the second round of last spring's NCAAs, the Hilltoppers were able to pull lumbering Luther Wright, the Pirates' 7′ 2″, 270-pound center, away from the hoop, where they pick-and-rolled him silly. Wright didn't score a basket, was too slow to discharge his defensive responsibilities and was benched after 12 minutes in which he looked utterly clue-free. "Going in, everybody was asking, 'How are you going to stop Luther Wright?' " says Willard. "My thinking was, Who is Luther Wright going to guard on our team?"

But even if Seton Hall couldn't afford to use Wright in its most important game of last season, the Pirates could less afford not to recruit him out of high school three years earlier. Given the chance, the coach at Cabinet U is still going to sign 6′ 2″ Janet Reno to the scholarship and ask 4′ 10″ Robert Reich to walk on.

The question is whether coaches even know *how* to teach the dying art of the post. It pains Newell to think that the next Bill Walton is being wasted somewhere, shuffling aimlessly through the key, setting screens in a motion offense. "Sure, you want the big man to rebound and outlet the ball," he says. "But is he just a workhorse, supplementing the other men around him? I remember the first time I saw [7′ 6″] Shawn Bradley play. [BYU was] running motion, and he spent most of his time 15 feet from the basket!"

Oklahoma State's Eddie Sutton is a rare and fortunate coach. Since the three-point rule came along, he has won with Reeves and with another All-America in the middle, 6′ 6″ Byron Houston. Given the choice, he'll take Reeves. "With Reeves, you can pound the ball in *or* shoot the three-pointer. You're not locked in one way or another."

In other words, you're versatile. Maybe not versatile in the way that camp boomers fantasize, but versatile in a team sense, inside *and* out. Or, to put it in terms they would understand, in 2Defwayz. Solid and stationary though he may be, Montross is a monument to why the Tar Heels won one championship. And why they should win another. ■

For now Griffith must be content to play the power game, but he too gets a charge out of trying a three.

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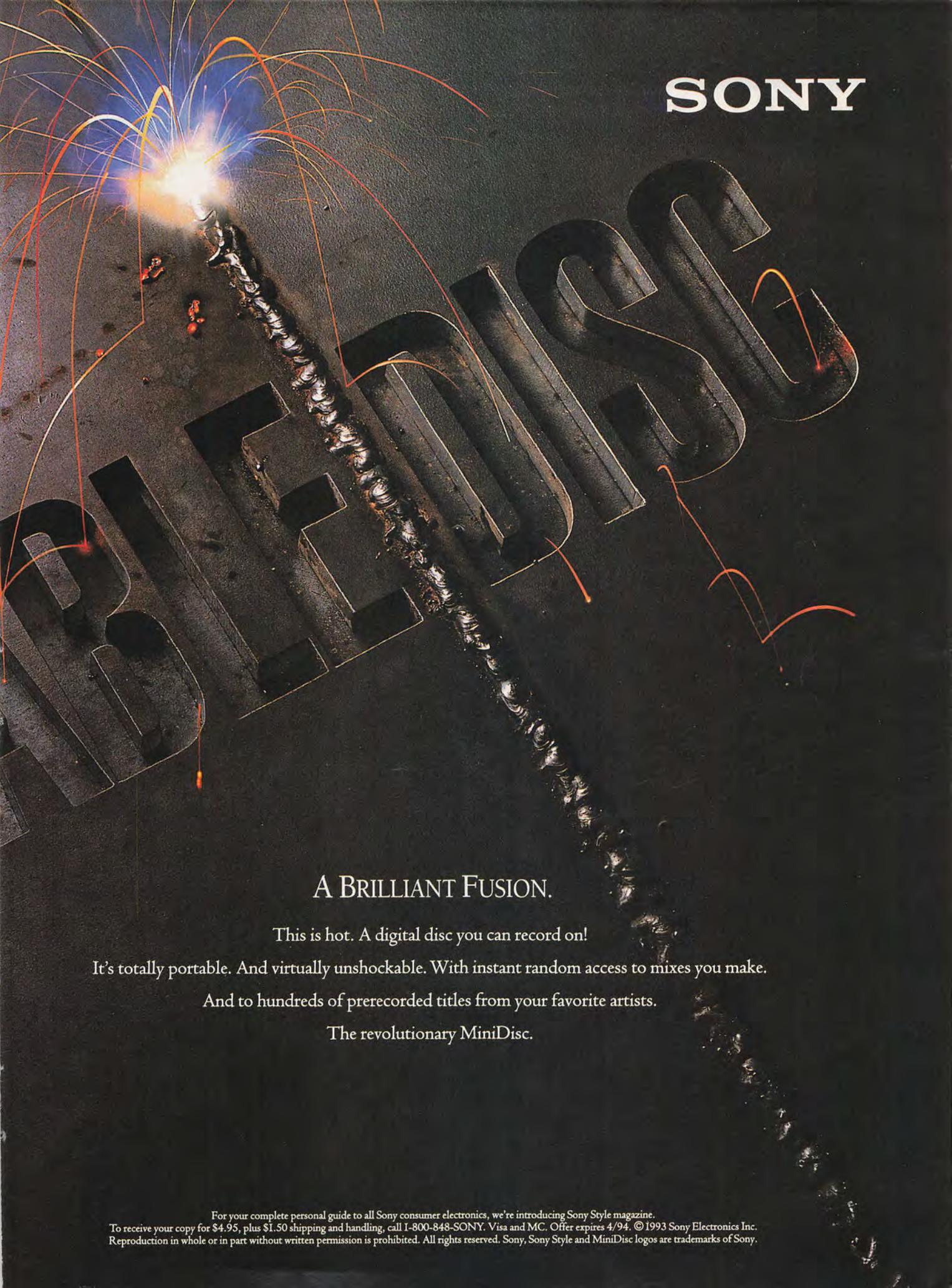

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Home on the Range

Seldom is heard a discouraging word about 7-foot Bryant (Big Country) Reeves of Oklahoma State, whose future is as wide open as his nickname

His pants came from a Big & Tall catalog. So did his dreams. The pants could be delivered in six to eight weeks, but the impossibly large dreams took longer to find him. A dream could pass through Gans, Okla., (pop. 346) without ever knowing it had been there. How did Bryant (Big Country) Reeves describe his hometown? "There's a schoolhouse," he said. "Drive a little further and there's a post office. Drive a little further and you're out of town."

His dreams were too big for his oversized britches. Reeves became convinced of this in the hours before his second college basketball game at Oklahoma State—against Purdue in the preseason NIT two years ago. Big Country paced a country mile in the Cowboy locker room. When his coach, Eddie Sutton, told him not to be nervous, Reeves replied, "I'm not nervous about the game, Coach. But when we beat Purdue, we have to fly to New York City, and I've never been on an airplane before."

Before Big Country saw the Big Apple as a freshman, before he became the Big Eight Player of the Year as a sophomore last season, before he toured Europe with a team of All-Americas this past summer, the farthest he had strayed from Gans was a recruiting visit to Creighton University. Omaha may as well have been Beijing to this small-town boy from a high school graduating class of 15. What was it Reeves said when he was still a Gans Grizzly, when Oklahoma State assistant Bill Self informed the recruit that he had to play in the city to improve his game?

"I've *been* playing in the city," said Big Country.

"Oklahoma City?" asked Self, now the head coach at Oral Roberts. "Or Tulsa?"

Quoth Country, "Sallisaw."

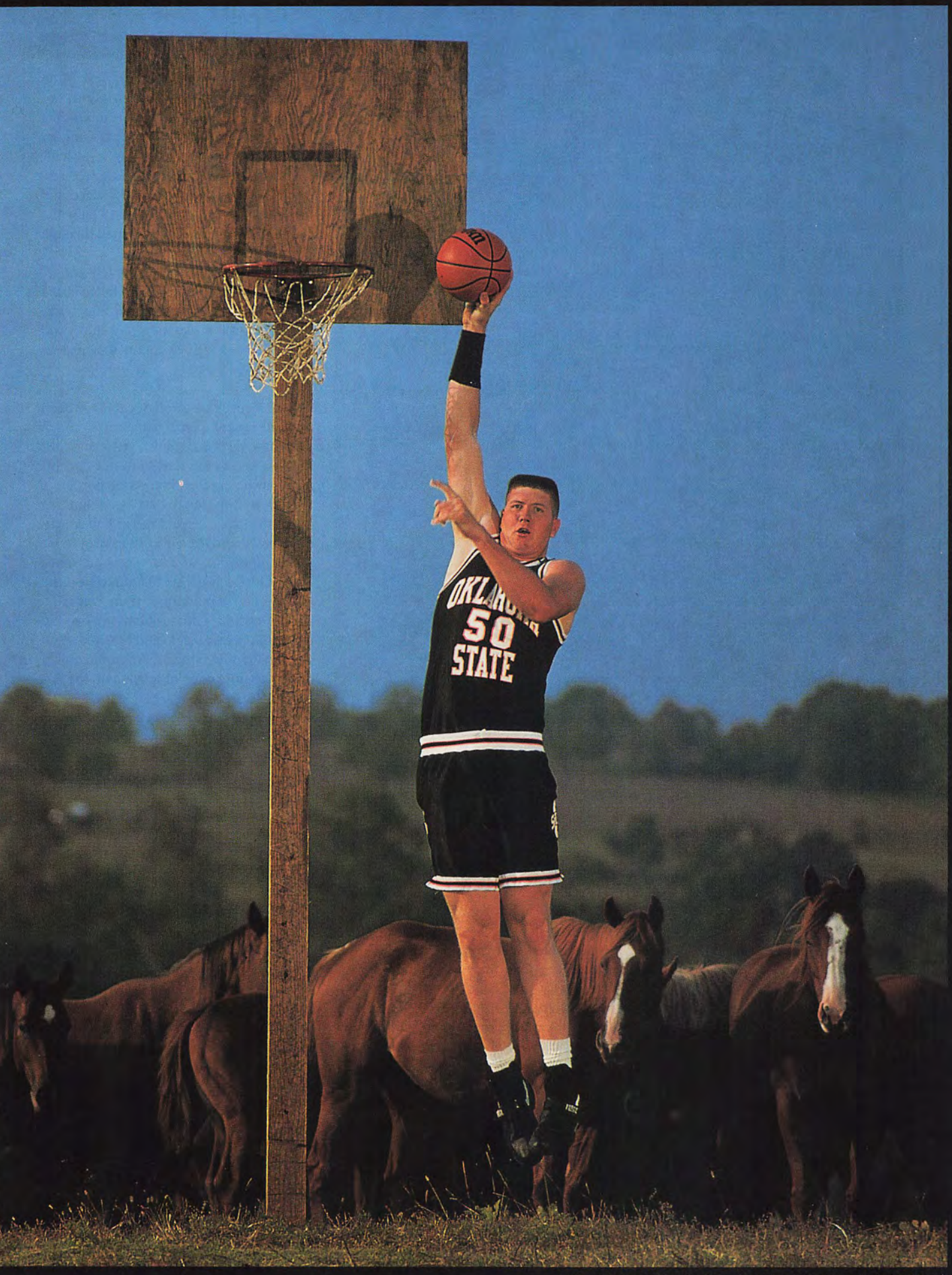
There are but 7,122 stories in the naked city of Sallisaw, Okla. Imagine Big Country's astonishment, then, when he flew to New York that November night two years ago. As the twinkling skyline of the great metropolis suddenly appeared beneath the airplane, Big Country whispered, "It sure is big." The plane was over Tulsa.

"We're flying," recalls Sean Sutton, a former Cowboy guard who is now an assistant to his father at Oklahoma State. "Country's really nervous. He heard somewhere that gum will unclog your ears. He's sitting next to me, and he says, 'Sean, can I have a piece of gum?' I say, 'Sure, Country.' Twenty minutes later I'm sleeping, and Country wakes me up. 'Sean,' he says. 'Can I have a piece of gum?' I tell him, 'Country, I just *gave* you a piece of gum.' 'I know,' he says. 'But I need one for my other ear.' "

Sutton allows the image to emerge—the 7-foot, 288-pound Country, a wet wad of Juicy Fruit plugged into one ear, earnestly asking for another stick—before he smiles diabolically and says the story is apocryphal. Sutton told it at a postseason basketball banquet, and nobody laughed louder than Big Country, whose Big & Tall smile is as ubiquitous as his Big & Tall blue jeans. "He likes Wranglers," says Country's father, Carl. "He's got no behind so he can't wear Levi's."

He's got no behind, but so much ahead of him. "People just naturally like Country," says Sean Sutton. "Fans like him. Coaches like him. The media like him. On top of

Though Reeves's roots are rural, Gans is clearly more than a one-horse town.



Photograph by Peter Read Miller

DAVID E. KUTHO

Reeves, a project as a freshman, became an imposing presence as a sophomore.

that, he's a very good basketball player. He can make a lot of money someday. If he doesn't get hurt, he can't miss."

"You'll like him," Sean continues. "Everybody does. Have you met him yet? The legendary figure of this state? The Crocodile Dundee of College Basketball?"

The Crocodile Dundee of College Basketball is 84 inches of snuff-dipping center who equaled another Dipper last season when Big Country became the first player since Wilt Chamberlain of Kansas in 1958 to lead the Big Eight in scoring (19.5 points per game), rebounding (10.0) and field goal percentage (62.1).

Even on the road in the Big Eight, those Cowboys who give Reeves a breather simply say at the scorer's table, "In for Country." No number is necessary, just the nickname that former State star Byron Houston gave Reeves in a summer pickup game before Reeves's freshman season. Reeves sports a flattop like a second cut of rough, and nowadays "all around here," notes his mother, Carolyn, "kids ask for Big Country haircuts."

The legend was secured last Feb. 24, in a home court win over Missouri. With two seconds left and the 'Pokes inbounding from their own baseline and trailing by three, Country caught a long pass at half-court, spun, shot and immediately threw up his arms in the signal for a successful three-point field goal. A second later the ball hit the backboard and ripped through the hoop at the horn.

"When it left my hands, it felt good," Country explains today. "It felt *great*. I didn't know it was going off the backboard, but it felt like a perfect shot. And when it went in? My mind was just as blank as it could be."

Blank? Reeves was *supposed* to have been thinking about Gans, about how much farther he had come in two years than just the 150 miles between Stillwater and his hometown near the Okie-Arkie border.

He was supposed to have been thinking about the *nine* different basketball coaches he had—and the nine different systems they employed—in four years at Gans High. Or about his six teammates on the Gans team. About how there wasn't a weight to lift in Greater Gans, unless you count the ton or so of sand bass that Bryant and his 6′ 7″ father, Carl, would pull in during an afternoon of angling on the Arkansas River.

He was *supposed* to have been thinking about that day following his sophomore year in high school when Bryant was asked by his father if he wouldn't like to play in a larger town, perhaps *Sallisaw*? The boy said no, naturally. "This is where my friends are," he said. "This is where I'm happy. If I'm good enough to make it on a college team, the recruiters will find me here."

They found him there, at Gans High, in the tiny gym next to the stone school built by the WPA in 1939. One evening a rental car rolled up to the curb, and into the gym strode Robert Montgomery Knight, the Indiana coach.

At the general store in Gans, a yellowed sheet of writing paper taped to the door warns, in impeccable Palmer method script, "No Foul Language on Premises." Well, Knight wouldn't be welcome for very long there.

"The *language*," says Carl Reeves, when Knight's name is invoked. "The foul language. He told me, 'I can sit here and *not* cuss, but I have to watch myself. If your boy comes to Indiana, though, that's

not what he's going to get.' " Carl respected his honesty and all, but the General would remain a man without a Country.

The original plan at Oklahoma State was to redshirt Big Country as a freshman. When Reeves arrived in Stillwater, he reluctantly removed his T-shirt for Cowboy strength coach Leroy Youster, triggering a frightening flabalanche that caught Youster by surprise. "God a'mighty, Coach," he said to Sutton. "What do you want me to do with *this*?"

"I grabbed Country's arm," recalls Youster, fixing a grip on your biceps. "It was like grabbing an old lady's arm. You know, a lot of . . . *mush and bone*."

The strength coach surveys the State weight room, a gleaming gift from former Cowboy javelin thrower Garth Brooks, and recalls Country's first workout there. "He was using 15-pound dumbbells, and his arms were all over the place," says Youster. "I'm trying to monitor him, but *I* don't have an eight-foot wingspan."

Suddenly, the strength coach himself goes soft—all mush, no bone. "I wish everyone worked as hard as he does," says Youster. "He'd go back to his dorm and throw up every night. Now, he uses 85-pound dumbbells; his arms are firm. In 11 years of doing this, I've never seen anybody improve as much as he has."

At Reeves's first practice in Gallagher-Iba Arena, the legendary Henry Iba sat watching from the sidelines and turned to Sutton. "Ed," said Iba. "That boy has a long way to go."

"A week later, he'd made amazing progress," says Sutton, who has framed basketball cards in his office of 14 of his players who made it to the NBA. "I've had a lot of nice players, but I've never had one develop as quickly as Country."

In adding 10 pounds and redistributing his weight, Reeves retained his soft hands, hands that catch a basketball like fresh carpet holds a footprint. In his first game Country scored 16 points, and one week later he was flying to New York City. "He's fixing to play his fourth college game," says Sean Sutton, "and he's walking around downtown Manhattan with Dick Vitale, looking up at all the buildings. It's fun to see where he's come from, and all the places he's getting to see."

Directions to the Reeves house are the same from anywhere in the United States: "Take 141 into Gans," says Bryant. *O.K. Allrighty*. "Go into the store and ask the guy who works there, and he'll tell you where the house is."

PETER READ MILLER

Reeves is a beloved figure in Gans, the little town he put on the basketball map.

Inside the general store, Andy tells you that the Reeves house is at the end of the street. What color? you ask. "Only one there," says Andy. Indeed, the yellow house by the railroad tracks stands alone. A backboard that Carl cut from a sheet of steel hangs above a small slab of concrete.

The elder Reeves is a supervisor on the night shift at the Whirlpool refrigerator plant in Fort Smith, Ark. Does he like the country life? Carl once moved his family out of Gans for three years because he wanted more peace and quiet. "Getting a little big now," says Carl, noting that a convenience store has opened in town. "Gets any bigger, I might move again."

Two seasons ago Eddie Sutton was concerned that the Reeves might take offense at their son's nickname. The coach approached the family before a game but stopped short when he saw the T-shirt on a little old lady, the one that read, I'M COUNTRY'S GRANDMOTHER.

Youster was also concerned that Carl and Carolyn Reeves would take offense at their son's nickname. "Big Country gave me some pictures of these fish he caught," says Youster. "His mother sent him the pictures, and he gave them to me, still in the envelope that his mother sent them in." In the upper-lefthand corner, the return address read, MAMA COUNTRY.

Carl Reeves was briefly concerned that his son would take offense at the nickname. "You *are* big, and you *are* from the country," Carl said to Bryant. "What's the shame in either?"

Not to worry. "I like the name," says the man who signs his autographs Bryant (Big Country) Reeves. "It fits."

It fits him like his enormous Wranglers, or his size-16 sneakers. Big Country padded across the Ponte Vecchio in Florence in his size 16's last June, one of two centers on a college all-star team that toured Europe. (The other was Eric Montross of North Carolina.) If he didn't play basketball, Big Country says he would be working in a factory. Because he plays basketball, he is getting a free college education.

Because he plays basketball, Big Country has seen Italy, Belgium, Spain, Germany and the Netherlands; has watched the New York Yankees from George Steinbrenner's private box (O.K., so it hasn't all been fun); will one day earn a flatbedful of money; and is looking forward to spending this Christmas with the Cowboys in . . . Hawaii. *Hawaii?*

Small world, Big Country. "I came here and took my first plane ride," he says. "The gum story was a good one, but I've gotten used to flying now. I've made a lot of good friends. I never even dreamed of going to some of these places overseas. It's really exciting to see how other people live. To see what the world is all about."

He is traveling the orange, pebble-grained globe, and it's all because of basketball.

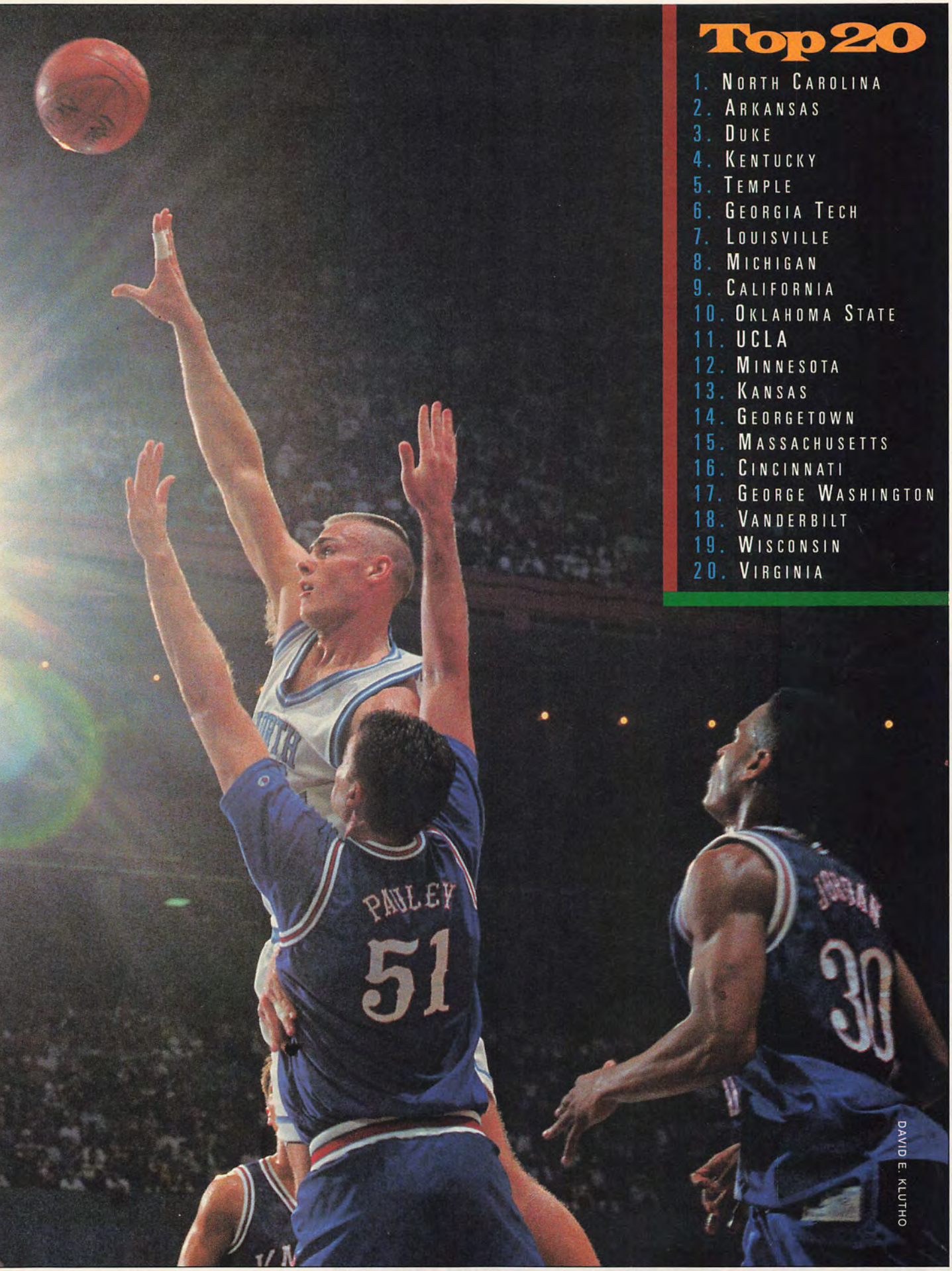
The Country Game. ■

Can Anyone Stop the Heels?

by HANK HERSCH

North Carolina stands head and shoulders above the field as it seeks a second straight NCAA title

Once again, Montross should light up team after team on Carolina's schedule.



Top 20

1. North Carolina
2. Arkansas
3. Duke
4. Kentucky
5. Temple
6. Georgia Tech
7. Louisville
8. Michigan
9. California
10. Oklahoma State
11. UCLA
12. Minnesota
13. Kansas
14. Georgetown
15. Massachusetts
16. Cincinnati
17. George Washington
18. Vanderbilt
19. Wisconsin
20. Virginia

DAVID E. KLUTHO

IN THIS YEAR OF burgeoning big men, a list of the strengths at **North Carolina** begins with its (flat-) top-of-the-line model center, 7-foot senior Eric Montross. The Tar Heels also have three other starters and two top reserves from the team that won the 1992–93 national championship. In a year when the rules no longer dictate that players must penetrate or pass off every five seconds, the Heels happen to have metronomic point guard Derrick Phelps, now freer than ever to govern the tempo. Moreover, from the recruiting class of '93, Carolina suits up three blue-chippers—6′ 10″ center Rasheed Wallace, 6′ 6″ forward Jerry Stackhouse and 6′ 3″ guard Jeff McInnis—none of whom lost a game as a high school senior.

In short, the Heels are so loaded that their blue team could contend for the ACC crown. So loaded are they that they're "a bigger favorite than Vegas was three years ago" (Virginia Commonwealth coach Sonny Smith), "head and shoulders above the rest" (North Carolina State coach Les Robinson) or, in a word, "prohibitive" (Wake Forest coach Dave Odom). So loaded that Tar Heel coach Dean Smith, searching for dark clouds in the Carolina blue sky, thinks his team's biggest problem is being, well, so loaded. "We have too much," says Smith. "Our 12th man thinks he should play, and that's not the best way to have a team."

If the Tar Heels weren't already big enough favorites, consider that the Final Four will be held in Charlotte. So, how could North Carolina fail to cut twine before the home folk on April 4? Let us count the ways. Donald Williams, the Heels' deadeye shooting guard, could be sidelined by perpetual goose bumps, recalling the chants of "Jordan! Jordan!" he heard while winning the Most Outstanding Player award at the '93 Final Four. The 270-pound Montross, daydreaming during practice about some giraffe he photographed on a safari, might accidentally plow over 7-foot forward Kevin Salvadori and step on Phelps, forcing Smith to play Wallace and McInnis, who are, after all, only freshmen. The third powerhouse freshman, Stackhouse, might fail to average the 4.6 dunks he threw down at Oak Hill (Va.) Academy last season.

JOHN BIEVER

Hill must reach new heights if Duke is to beat Carolina, while Cal's consummate passer, Kidd (right), will hang on to the ball more.

Or, maybe, just maybe, some team might outmatch or outluck the Tar Heels in the NCAA tournament. For the sake of sport, let's consider the contenders.

Heading the list is **Arkansas**. The ravenous Razorbacks whetted their appetite for Carolina in an 80–74 semifinal loss at the East Regional in March. Playing the Hogs is supposed to be "40 minutes of hell," but swingman Scotty Thurman, the team's leading scorer, and playmaker Corey Beck gave the Heels only 40 minutes of heck, contributing just 12 points and six assists between them. Both are back, however, and they are hungrier. So is 6′ 7″, 245-pound forward Corliss Williamson, who dropped 15 pounds while touring South America with the national under-22 team over the summer. With 6′ 11″ freshman Darnell (Tank) Robinson in Fayetteville, Williamson won't have to feast alone on the boards. "We're much more prepared to play a team with size, like Carolina, than we were a year ago when it was just Corliss out there battling those big old guys," says Arkansas coach Nolan Richardson. Whether the now taller Hogs will play with the same frenzy as last season's team did is uncertain. So, too, is their home court advantage, now that they have moved from Barnhill Arena, a 9,000-seat torture pit, to Bud Walton Arena, which seats 18,600.

At **Duke**, the crucial question also hinges on heart and home: How much can the crazies at Cameron Indoor Stadium crank up the intensity of 6′ 8″ senior Grant Hill? Hill might replace Bobby Hurley at the point, but he won't fill Hurley's shoes unless he becomes more fiery. "I have to tell Grant to be selfish," says Blue Devil coach Mike Krzyzewski. "At the training table, take two rolls. Take two pieces of chicken. And don't let the freshmen have dessert." Coach K has some large mouths to feed too: He could well play a lineup that *averages* 6′ 9″.

Like Arkansas and Duke, **Kentucky** has the size to bang with the Heels. The Wildcats also have a class of sophomores that might one day be the equal of Carolina's seniors. Second-year forwards Jared Prickett and Rodrick Rhodes can carry a team; 6′ 9″ Walter McCarty can carry a tune. While at Harrison High in Evansville, Ind., McCarty sang the national an-

BRIAN SPURLOCK

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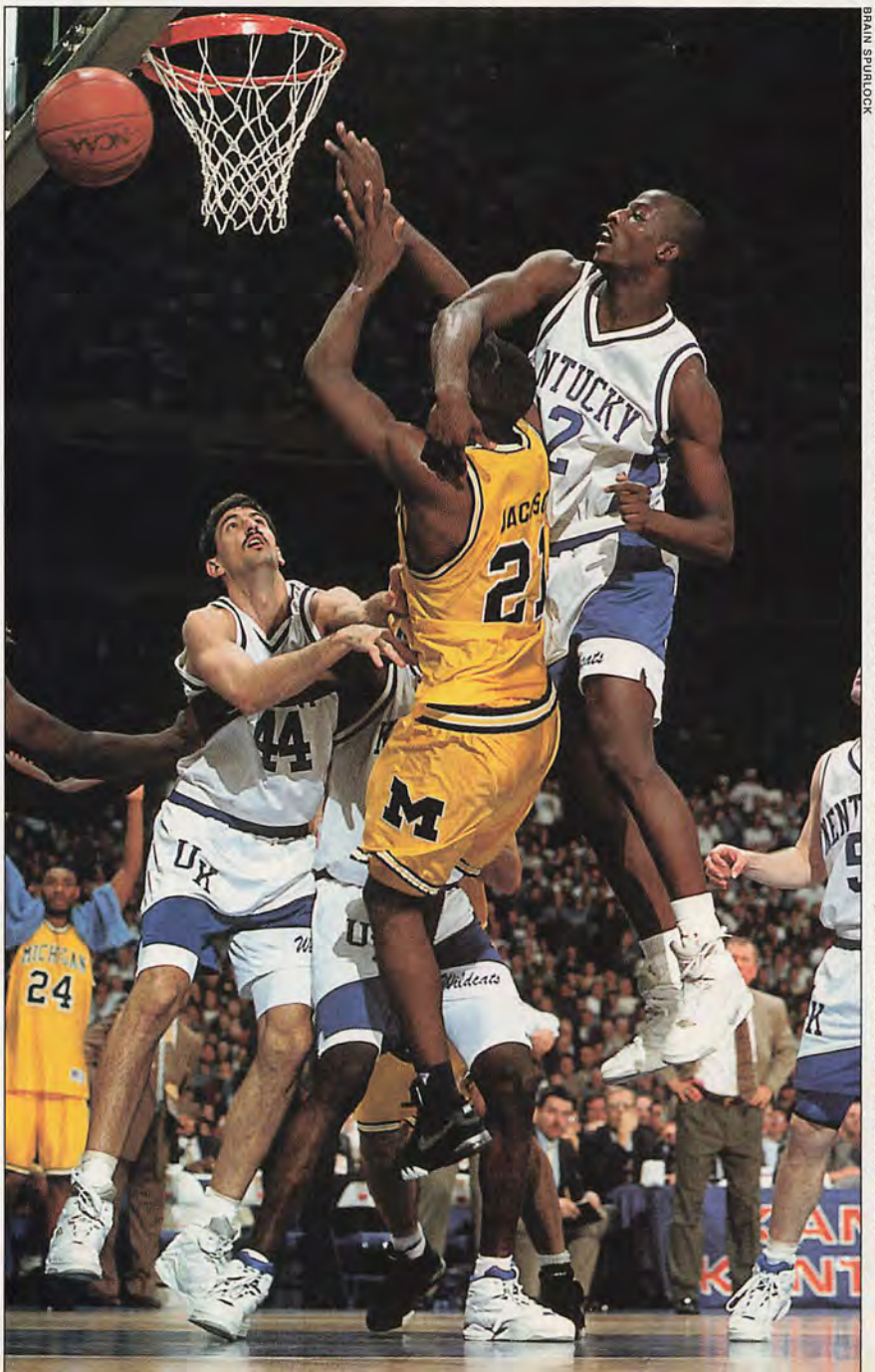
UNIVERSITY

them a cappella before a couple of games, but he wasn't allowed to play at Kentucky last season because of Prop 48. Now he must help replace go-to guy Jamal Mashburn on a team that came up just a little bit short each of the last two seasons.

At 6′ 11″ and 250 pounds, center William Cunningham brings **Temple** eye to eye with the Tar Heels, though coach John Chaney is still waiting for "that light to go on in [Cunningham's] head where he understands what we're trying to do." Aaron McKie, who averaged 20.6 points and 5.9 rebounds last season, and explosive Eddie Jones (17.0 points and 7.0 boards), give the Owls a formidable frontcourt, and the new 35-second shot clock will make Chaney's inscrutable matchup zone even harder to crack.

With its 77–75 victory in the finals of the '93 ACC tournament, **Georgia Tech** was the last team to beat North Carolina. Delivering the haymaker was 6′ 8″ forward James Forrest, who averaged 19.5 points and 7.5 boards last season and showed the ability to stick and move from inside and out. "If he could dedicate himself, James could be a Charles Barkley–Shawn Kemp type player," says coach Bobby Cremins. "He's cocky, but he's lazy."


BRAIN SPURLOCK

Rhodes (12) is one of the super sophs who must come up big on the blocks for Kentucky.

Cremins is rededicating himself to Georgia Tech. After taking the South Carolina job last spring, he started thinking and rethinking and re-rethinking his decision, and he returned to the Yellow Jackets two days later. He will contemplate his career no more—or so he says: "I will never have another job interview. This is it. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing."

Denny Crum has been coaching at **Louisville** since Henry Clay was on the stump, and he has enough talent to return to the Final Four for the first time since 1986. Clifford Rozier, a 6′ 9″ transfer from North Carolina, would love to have a reunion with his old teammates in Charlotte. Last season Rozier became the first Cardinal in 21 years to average double digits (10.9) on the boards. Louisville's chances increased dramatically last week when forward Dwayne Morton, a 53.1% three-point shooter, got the green light to play after recovering from a broken right wrist suffered in the off-season.

Feelings are still a little raw in **Michigan** over the Wolverines' 77–71 loss to Carolina in the NCAA final. When a kid showed up at a Wolverine tryout this fall wearing a North Carolina T-shirt, guard Jimmy King screamed, "Get him out of here!" The walk-on walked off, but Michigan, down to a Fab Four after Chris Webber's early departure for the pros, will need bench help wherever it can get it. Webber's best friend, 6′ 8″ Jalen Rose, will have to fill in the gaps. "Jalen might be the first guy to play all five positions in one game, let alone one season," says Michigan coach Steve Fisher.

The elimination of the five-second penetration rule should make sophomore floor maestro Jason Kidd even more valuable at **California**. Now that he doesn't have to pass off if he's guarded, says Southern Cal assistant coach Jack Fertig, "Kidd will dominate games." And whenever Kidd does choose to give, he has junior forward Lamond Murray (19.1 points a game last season) to receive.

With Brooks Thompson and Randy Rutherford, **Oklahoma State** has the Big Eight's best backcourt. The Cowboys also bring in freshman Chianti Roberts, a full-bodied swingman who should go nicely with the Cowboys' main dish, Bryant Reeves *(page 44)*.

Junior Ed O'Bannon's task at **UCLA** is to turn his kid brother, 6′ 6″ freshman Charles, into an equally assertive O'Bannon. "I'm a little more aggressive and

physical right now," says Ed, a 6′ 9″, 215-pound forward. "He shoots better than I do, he jumps higher, and he is more fluid."

At the end of last season Indiana coach Bob Knight called **Minnesota** the team to beat in the Big Ten in 1993–94 because the Gophers have the most talent in the conference. "That's not a compliment," grouses Gopher coach Clem Haskins. "All that is, is a setup. I don't need that." Haskins doth protest too much: He has depth, and he has a star in junior guard Voshon Lenard (17.1 points a game last season), the MVP of last spring's NIT.

Of all the teams in last season's Final Four, **Kansas** has the most to replace, with only forward Richard Scott returning from the starting lineup. But Jacque Vaughn, a 6′ 1″ guard from Pasadena, will direct the Jayhawk attack and will be one of this season's most exciting freshmen.

Georgetown didn't make the NCAAs for the first time in 14 years, but coach John Thompson has all five starters back from the team that was runner-up to Minnesota in last season's NIT. The Hoyas hope to run more this season. To do that, though, center Othella Harrington will have to overcome his habit of picking up cheap fouls when he tires.

There was talk at **Massachusetts** this fall about dropping the school's nickname, the Minutemen, because some students consider it sexist. That irked conservative chatterbox Rush Limbaugh, who defended the moniker on his radio show. Coach John Calipari sidestepped the controversy—"I'm not starting a war with Limbaugh," he said—but with 6′ 7″ senior strongman Lou Roe, 6′ 11″ freshman Marcus Camby and 7′ 2″ junior Jeff Meyer, he need back off from no one on the court.

While Camby may be the sleeper among this season's freshmen pivotmen, **Cincinnati** has a rookie class that has already made national headlines—not all of them good. In May the Bearcats lucked into local guard Damon Flint when his first choice, Ohio State, was cited for 17 NCAA violations during his recruitment. A few months later power forward Dontonio Wingfield was given a seven-day jail sentence for trashing his mother's house in Albany, Ga., because she had refused to let him use her car.

As a freshman last season 7′ 1″, 265-pound center Yinka Dare, a native of Nigeria, helped take **George Washington** to the Sweet 16 by averaging 12.2 points, 10.3 rebounds and 2.8 blocks. As a player "he made the leap from being a D student to a B student," says Colonial coach Mike Jarvis. "It's much harder to go from being a B student to an A student."

MANNY MILLAN

At UCLA, Ed O'Bannon will take his younger brother Charles under his expansive wing.

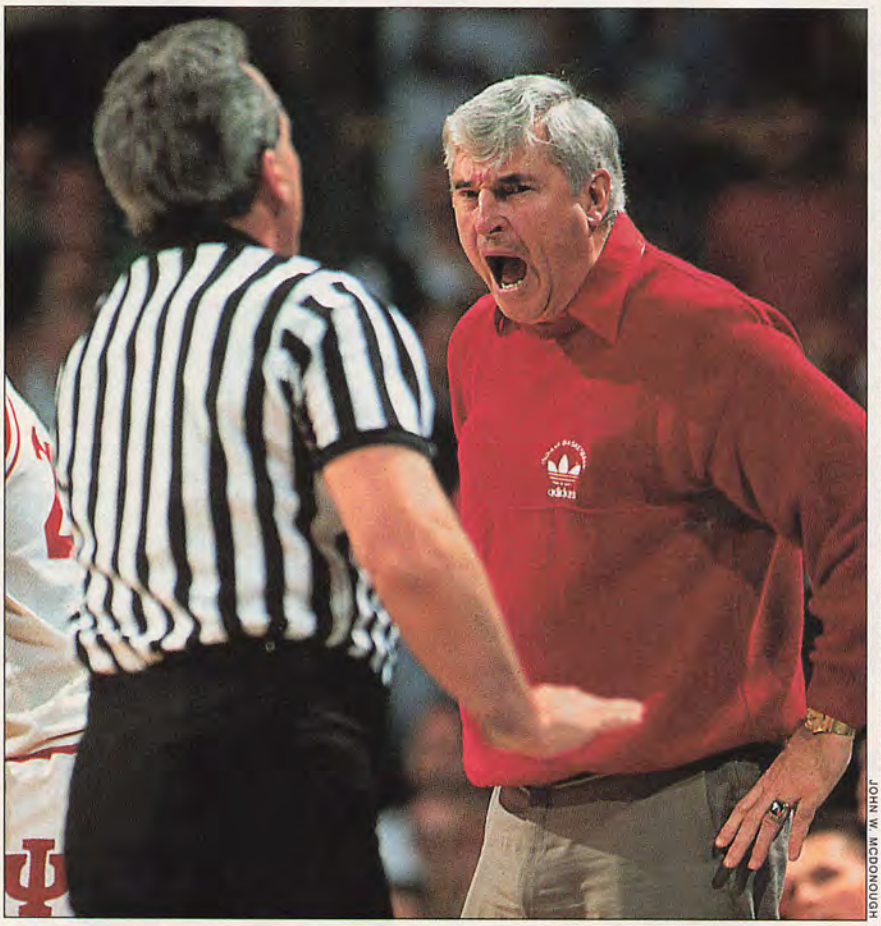
Vanderbilt has the ultimate long-range threat in 6′ 4″ senior Billy McCaffrey, and new coach Jan van Breda Kolff plans to deploy him to better advantage this season, meaning McCaffrey will get more playmaking opportunities and more shots. "I feel comfortable with that," McCaffrey says. "I like to have the ball."

Wisconsin junior forward Michael Finley has not received nearly the attention he deserves. He was the second-leading scorer in the Big Ten last season, behind only Purdue's Glenn Robinson. Point guard Tracy Webster, the Big Ten leader in assists and steals, directs an up-tempo, high-pressure, trey-chic attack that should put the Badgers in the NCAA tournament for the first time since 1947.

Virginia believes it has the ACC's best floor leader in 6′ 1″ junior Cory Alexander. However, Cavalier coach Jeff Jones doubts that his team has the size—or the toughness—to topple the Heels. "I've seen other talented North Carolina teams that don't have the hard edge this one has," says Jones. "Montross and Phelps set the tone. No one can accuse this group of being soft."

Nope. Just too loaded for the game's good. ■

The Best of



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

The head Hoosier will probably be hollering even if Indiana surpasses expectations.

When all the shouting is over, one of eight unranked contenders could have a breakthrough year and qualify as this season's Cinderella

SURE, IT'S POSSIBLE that the 1994 NCAA champion will come from outside our Top 20, but don't bet the pizza-and-beer money on it. These days you can't find Cinderella with a search warrant, and the truth is, March Madness isn't nearly as mad as it used to be. Mark it down: Bob Knight will coach Indiana wearing a black-and-gold Purdue sweater before any team seeded below No. 6 makes it to the finals in Charlotte.

Yes, we remember the four opening-round NCAA tournament megaupsets last year in which teams seeded Nos. 15, 13, 12 and 11 defeated teams seeded Nos. 2, 4, 5 and 6, respectively. But three of those upset winners (Santa Clara, Southern and Tulane) were zapped in the very next round. (George Washington made it to the Sweet 16, but did so by beating Southern.) The climate just no longer exists in which a Drexel or a Coastal Carolina can realistically expect to make more than a cameo appearance. They take their No. 14, 15 or 16 seed and their week's worth of fame, then ask for a blindfold and a cigarette. Nowadays even the Sweet 16 is an impossible dream for anybody from off the beaten ESPN path.

So who whacked Cinderella as we have always known and loved her? Well, most fingers are pointing to the NCAA rule makers. Everything they do seems designed to benefit the talented teams that least need the help. This season, for example, they've cut the shot clock from 45 seconds to 35, and they've eliminated the five-second held-ball violation, which heretofore forced players to either advance the ball or pass off. The idea, apparently, is to speed games up, especially at the end, because too many had degenerated into tedious free-throw-shooting contests. However, the result may be something else again.

Most coaches say they fear that these rule changes will result in college ball's becoming more of a one-on-one, NBA-type game in which dribbling is more important than passing and moving without the ball. They see games becoming showcases for multitalented big men such as Duke's Grant Hill and Purdue's Glenn Robinson. Mostly they see meddling where none was needed.

"There has always been great diversity in the college game," says Holy Cross coach George Blaney. "One team is big, the other is small. One team plays fast, the other slow. One team plays full-court pressure, the other soft pressure. All of these things make college basketball what it is. And then television comes in and wants to speed up the game and wants instant gratification."

The math involved in the new rules is pretty simple: Shorter possessions equal more possessions for each team, and more possessions equal a bigger advantage for the teams with the most offensive talent. Says Wisconsin coach Stu Jackson, the former coach of the NBA's New York Knicks, "Taking away the closely guarded rule in conjunction with the shot clock caters to teams that have the talent level to break defenses down, particularly off the dribble. Those are generally your more talented teams."

He's right, and that's why, after analyzing all the teams outside our Top 20, we can come up with only eight teams that we think have a genuine chance to pull off a major surprise and make it to the Sweet 16.

• **Memphis State** lost Anfernee Hardaway, whose already marvelous game would have risen a notch or two under the new rules, but the Tigers get back 6′ 9″ forward David Vaughn *(page 62)*, who sat out last season with a knee injury. He'll team with three new transfers, as

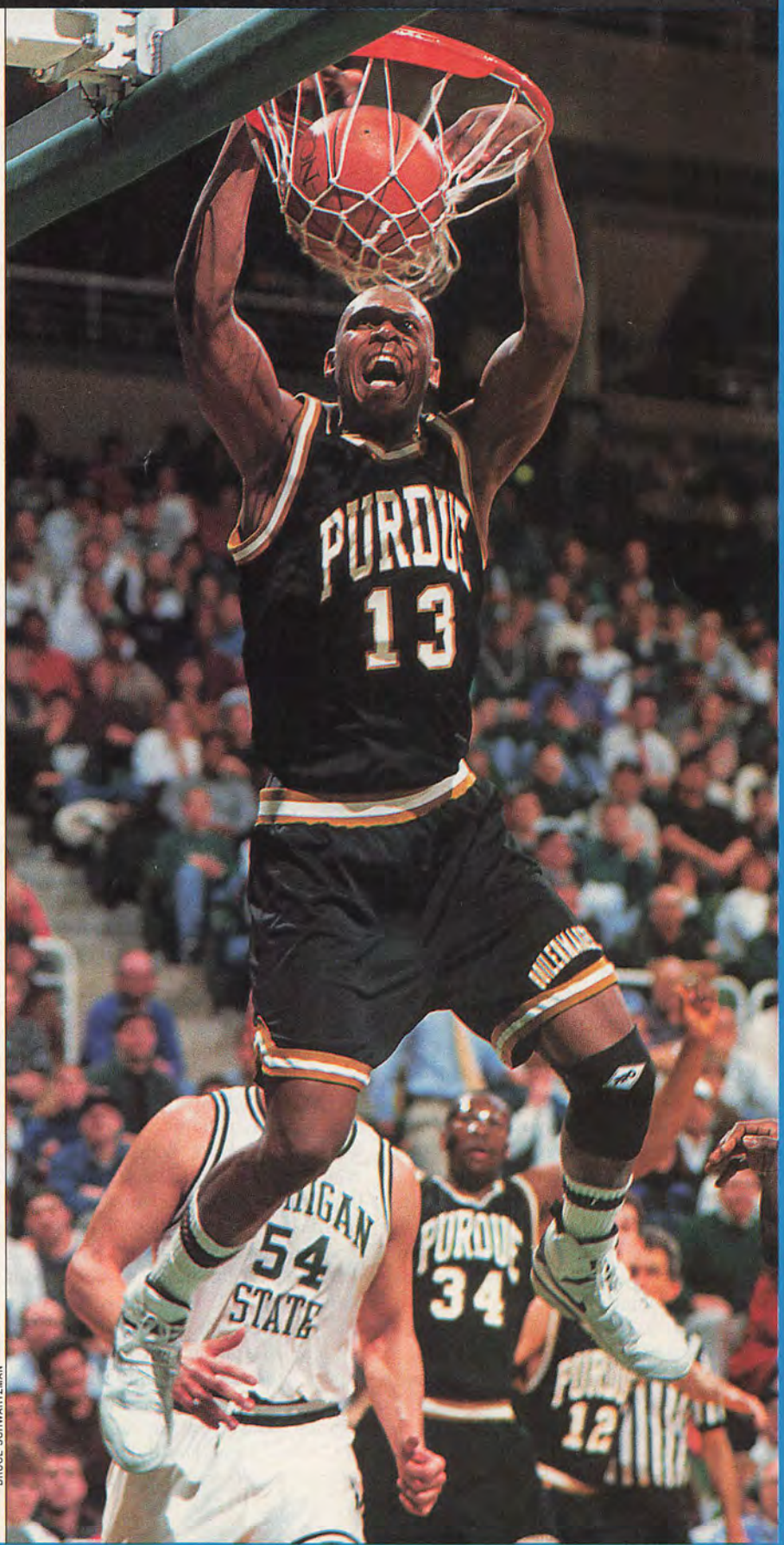
the Rest

well as with four freshmen who were ranked as one of the nation's top recruiting classes. Vaughn is weary of being asked "How's the knee?" He reports that it's fine. The larger concern for coach Larry Finch is how quickly his newcomers get up to speed. One of them, freshman Sylvester (Deuce) Ford, has requested that the media refer to him by his nickname. Deuce will probably start at point guard once he recovers from surgery for stress fractures in both shins.

• **Marquette** has been seeking a new nickname to replace Warriors, which is peculiar when you consider what coach Kevin O'Neill has been seeing in this preseason. "Our practices are more physical than football practices," O'Neill says. The guys delivering the most blows are 7′ 1″ senior center Jim McIlvaine, 6′ 9″ sophomore forward Amal McCaskill, 6′ 7″ freshman forward Faisal Abraham and, of course, 6′ 8″ senior forward Damon Key, the top rebounder returning from last season's 20–8 team. Sounds like a team that Al McGuire would love, right? Well, the old Marquette coach would probably like 6′ 8″ sophomore swingman Roney Eford most of all. Eford is a New York City playground product who has been known to put himself into games when he gets bored watching from the bench. "He continues to shock us all," says O'Neill.

• Without question, our No. 1 sleeper is **Tennessee State**, mostly because of 6′ 10″ center Carlos Rogers, who led the Tigers to the Ohio Valley Conference title by averaging 20.7 points and 11.7 rebounds last year. "Carlos is the best player I've ever had," says coach Frankie Allen. When Rogers stays awake, that is. Before a crucial league game against Middle Tennessee State last season, Rogers wanted so badly to shake a lingering cold that he ingested every over-the-counter medicine he could find: Benadryl, NyQuil, Alka-Seltzer Plus. The result was that he passed out in the locker room and didn't make it out on the court until eight minutes into the game. No problem. Once his wake-up call sounded, Rogers roused himself for 20 points and nine rebounds in the 84–67 victory.

• **Virginia Commonwealth** has a player who might really flourish under the new



BRUCE SCHWARTZMAN

Changes in the rules will make Robinson even more unstoppable than he was a year ago.

JIM GUND/ALLSPORT

The eyes of Texas will be on Rencher, who is the shooting star in the Longhorn cosmos.

rules. "We're going to use a dribble-oriented offense," says coach Sonny Smith, "because I've got Kenny Harris." A 6′ 1″ point guard who transferred to VCU after two seasons at North Carolina, Harris will control the ball and find ways to get it to 6′ 8″ forward Kendrick Warren, who was first-team All-Metro Conference despite missing the last 11 games of the season with a foot injury.

• In picking **Texas**, we're taking the bull by the horns and saying it's possible for a team from the lowly Southwest Conference to stampede a significant distance through the NCAA tournament in March. Coach Tom Penders goes so far as to say, "We could be a Final Four team." That's a stretch even by Texas standards, because the Longhorns are long on talent but short on chemistry. One of the few sure pluses on the team is junior guard Terrence Rencher, who's on track to become the Longhorns' alltime leading scorer next season. Transfers Tremaine Wingfield, a 6′ 6″ small forward from Louisville, and Rich McIver, a 6′ 9″ banger from Michigan, should both like the weaker competition in the SWC. But there are still lingering questions about point guard B.J. Tyler. This fall Tyler checked himself into the John Lucas Center, a rehab clinic in Houston, and is not expected to be available until Dec. 15.

• Kentucky coach Rick Pitino thinks **Georgia** could be the surprise team in the SEC this season. The Bulldogs were so disappointing last year—struggling to finish 15–14 and averaging fewer than 6,000 fans at home—that the university sent a message to veteran coach Hugh Durham by declining to roll over his four-year contract. With his job on the line, Durham isn't likely to tolerate underachievement from any of his five returning starters. The biggest letdown last year was 7-foot, 265-pound junior center Charles Claxton, who has a world of potential but averaged only 11.5 points and 6.6 rebounds. Point guard Bernard Davis also needs to do a better job of running a team that last season committed 35 more turnovers than it forced.

• Difficult as it may be to think of **Indiana** as anything other than a title contender, the loss of consensus national Player of the Year Calbert Cheaney and three other seniors means the Hoosiers have a lot more questions than answers. Can 6′ 3″ senior guard Damon Bailey finally become the kind of scorer he was in high school? Will 6′ 9″ junior forward Alan Henderson's surgically repaired right knee and 6′ 5″ senior swingman Pat Graham's delicate left foot—the one with the bone that has broken each of the last two years—hold up the whole season? Is 7-foot Todd Lindeman, a redshirt last year, just too nice to be a force in the middle? And how many of the team's five freshmen will be able to make a contribution? Knight already seems to see a role for freshman guards Steve Hart and Sherron Wilkerson. "I would like to think that, eventually, Wilkerson and Hart are going to create a lot of problems on defense," says Knight. "As soon as they learn to spell it."

• And then there's **Purdue**, with Glenn Robinson. Had he opted to go out for last season's NBA draft, after only one year of college ball, Robinson would have been one of the top five picks. Instead he's back for a second season that could be fascinating. The changes in the rules might allow him to play like a 6′ 8″ version of Oscar Robertson. "I can play him wherever I want to play him, right?" says Boilermaker coach Gene Keady. "He'll be like Oscar used to be—a little point, a little center, a little forward. And if they don't double-team him: dribble, dribble, dribble, dunk. I'm not going to screw around with guards. We'll just give it to Glenn."

Call off the search. Who needs Cinderella when we've got Glennderella? The teams in the Top 20 should consider themselves warned. —WILLIAM F. REED

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Sports People

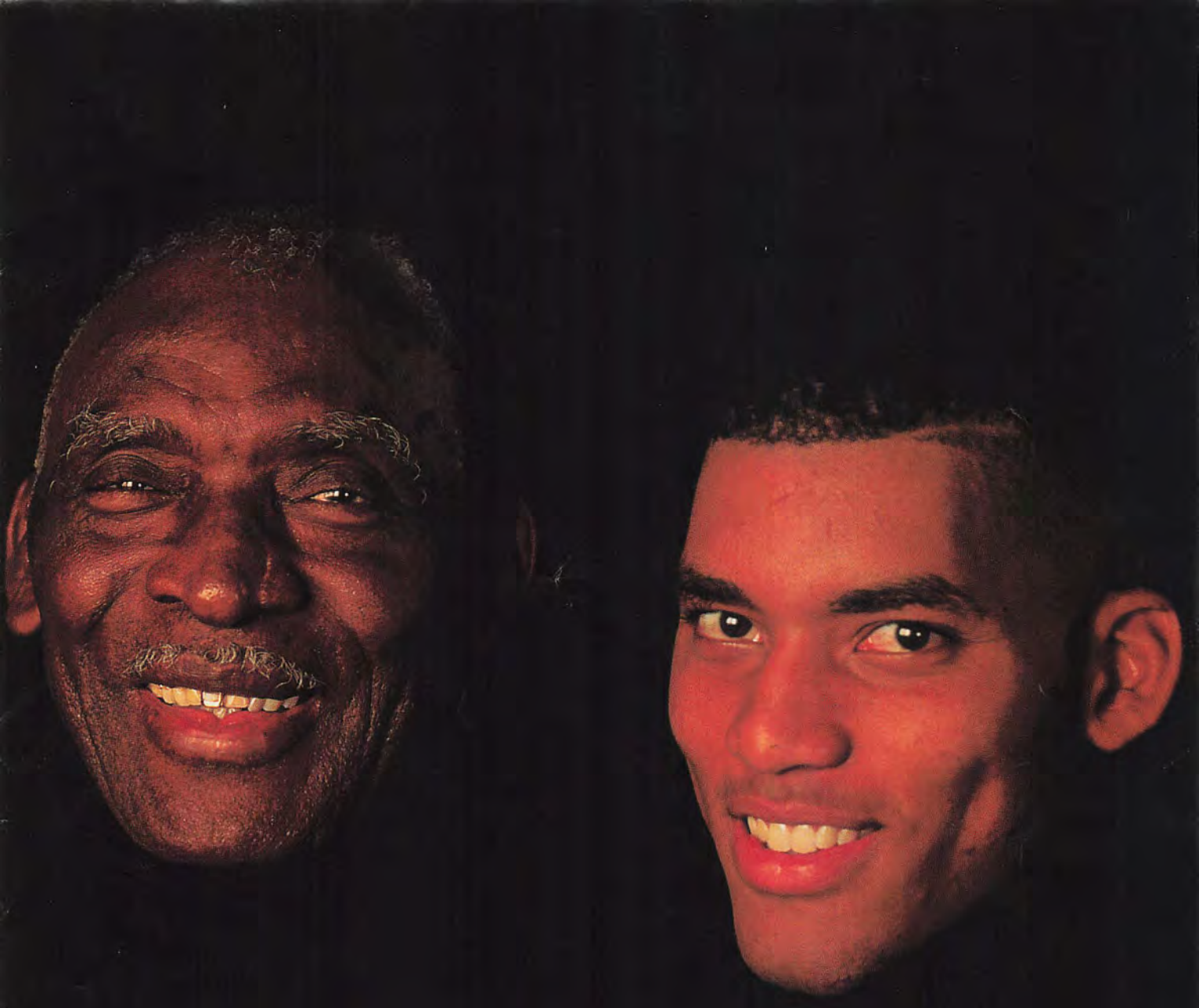
The Memphis State star returns from an injury, having already restored honor to the name he shares with his dad and granddad.

David Vaughn

TWO YEARS AGO DAVID VAUGHN arrived at Memphis State after a high school career that had made him one of the most-touted recruits in the nation. If he harbored any doubts about his choice of Memphis State—a place where the name David Vaughn once provoked angry whispers of betrayal—they were erased his freshman season when the 6′ 9″ Vaughn averaged 13.4 points and teamed with Anfernee Hardaway to lead the Tigers to the Midwest Regional final.

So hopes were high last December for Vaughn and Memphis State as the Tigers took the court in their opening game, against Arkansas. Sure enough Vaughn, playing forward, began with eight rebounds and 10 points in the first half, giving Memphis State a 49–35 halftime lead over the talented Razorbacks. But four minutes into the second half, all dreams of a big year were shattered along with Vaughn's left knee, which buckled during a fast break. He suffered a partial tear of the anterior cruciate ligament and was done for the season. "It put a damper on things," Vaughn says. "I thought we could make it to the Final Four. When I went out, we lost that chance."

For Memphis State the loss of Vaughn last season served as an unhappy reminder of the school's loss of Vaughn's father, David Vaughn Jr., two decades earlier. "My father was supposed to go to Memphis State," says David III, "but he went to Oral Roberts instead." Vaughn's father, a seven-footer, had led his high school



team in Nashville to two state titles, but after committing to Memphis State in 1971, after even being introduced to Tiger fans at a home game, he was visited in Nashville by Oral Roberts *himself*, who pleaded with the Vaughns to send their son to Tulsa. This semidivine intervention was apparently more than David Vaughn Sr.—a pastor—could resist.

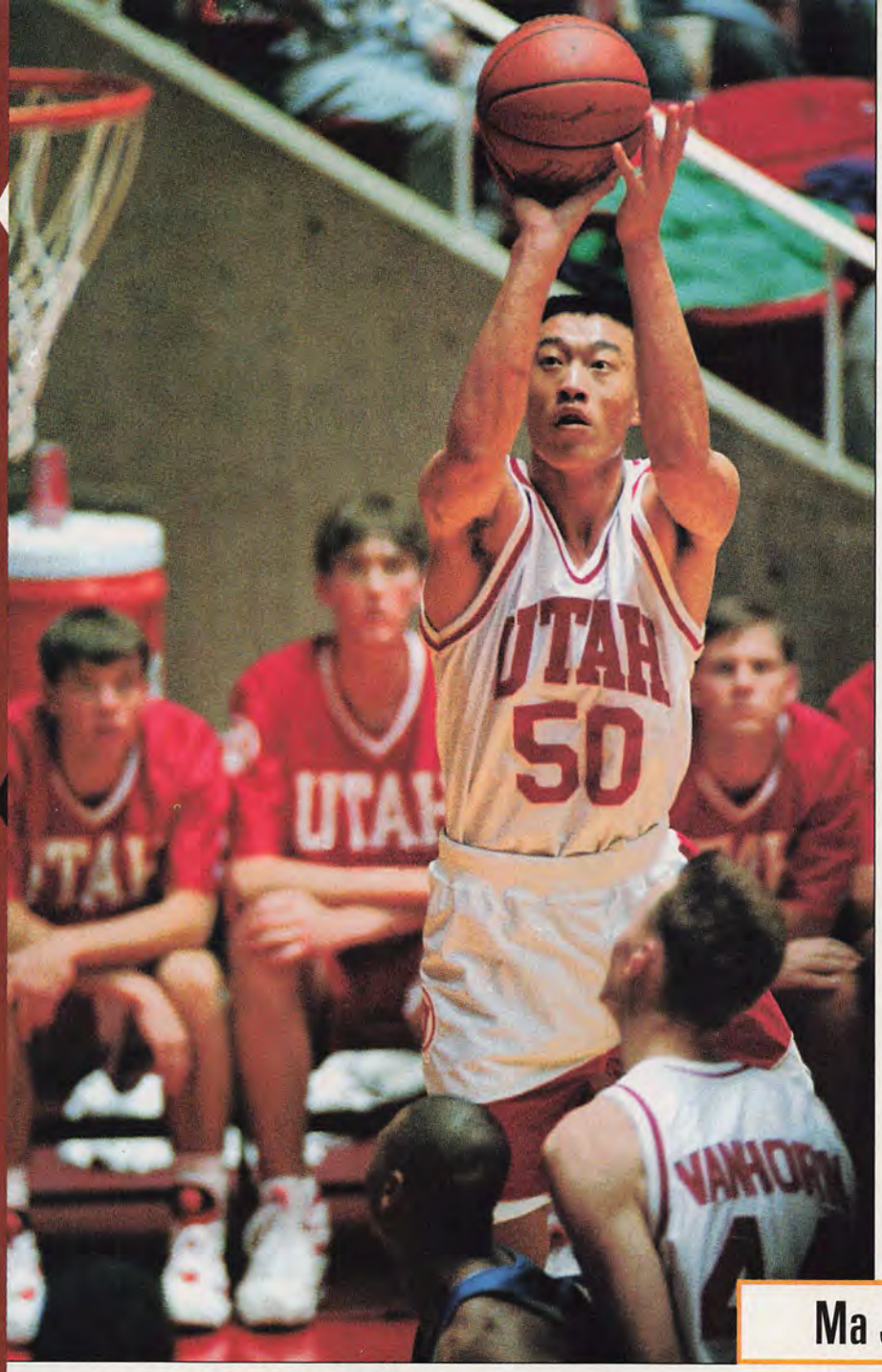
Soon after the decision was made to attend Oral Roberts—a turnabout that many Memphis State fans have not forgotten or forgiven—David Jr. married Gail Finch, whose brother Larry was a star at Memphis State at the time. Larry was stunned by David Jr.'s defection. "It destroyed me," says Finch, who now happens to be the Memphis State coach. "I had looked forward to playing with him." Finch was no happier about the marriage. "I tried separating them," Finch says.

In Tulsa, Gail bore a son, David III, but young David scarcely got to know his parents. David Jr.'s basketball career fizzled in the old ABA, and he got into a few scuffles with the law. When he and Gail finally split in 1979, the five-year-old David III went to live with his paternal grandparents in Nashville. "It was hard for me to be close with my parents," David III says now. "My father was in L.A., my mom was in Memphis. I was happy with my grandparents. It was all I knew."

Finch, the boy's uncle, began inviting David to Memphis in the summertime to attend basketball camp and stay with his family. By the time he was in high school, David III had decided to attend Memphis State and play for his uncle. In a way the strange journey begun by his father has come full circle. David III is again in touch with his dad, who now works in Nashville in a home for dysfunctional children. Young David is learning about his father the basketball player, whom he never saw play. "I've seen lots of news clippings about him," David III says. "He was a great player. He knows a lot about the game and shares it with me."

That can only help a player who's already vastly talented. And Finch, for one, is eager to see how good this season's team can be. "We're young, and young guys don't know how to tense up," he says. "But a lot will depend on David Vaughn." Seems it has been that way at Memphis State for a long time. —BRUCE NEWMAN

JOHN CHIASSON



Ma Jian

WHEN UTAH COACH RICK MAJERUS WAS FIRST ASKED IF HE WAS interested in Ma Jian, as Majerus recalls, he thought he was being asked about an order of Chinese takeout. He soon learned that the Chinese in question was actually a 6′ 7″, 220-pound forward from the town of Tianjin, who happened to have two years of college eligibility left and a mouth-watering jump shot. Now, 13 months later, the 24-year-old Ma is a junior at Utah, having gone to Salt Lake City for the same reason so many Mormons leave it to go abroad: He's on a mission. "I want to be the first Asian to play in the NBA," Ma says. "I had a good life; I was comfortable in China. I came here to find hard work."

A member of the Chinese national team since 1988, Ma arrived in the U.S. during the summer of 1992. UCLA coach Jim Harrick, who had first seen Ma in '88 while conducting a clinic in China, had arranged for him to come to this country, but Ma's insufficient grasp of English kept him from passing the admissions test at UCLA. So, having already completed a year of studies at a Chinese university, Ma enrolled at Utah Valley State College in Orem and embarked on a hasty cultural evolution. Freed from the oppressive five-hour practices and interminable meetings favored by the national team's coach in China, Ma poured his energy into school, earning a B-minus average. Says Ma with a smile, "My English and basketball have already improved, and the [national] team is still meeting."

Ma worked hard on the court, too, though his priorities needed some attention. Once he summed up his outlook to Utah Valley coach Duke Reid this way: "Winning not important, Coach. Just play." For Ma the word *play,* roughly translated, meant catch the ball and hoist it. In one game when Reid implored him, "Set it up, set it up," Ma responded by drilling a 25-footer. "We need not set it up," he told Reid. In another game last season he scored 27 points in the first half against Snow College, burying seven threes. But when he thought he heard his teammates use the word *selfish* in the locker room, he was disconsolate. When he was finally persuaded to go out for the second half, he scored only one point after intermission. "Not want to get the others jealous," said Ma, who averaged 17.9 points last season.

Ma ended up staying in the Salt Lake City area rather than enrolling at UCLA. He has come to value winning and has shown some enthusiasm for rebounding and playing defense—but he still loves to shoot. "Ma identifies the open man, then ignores him," says Majerus.

Still Majerus has high praise for Ma's progress and an abiding respect for his attitude. When Majerus halted a recent practice to give him detailed instruction, Ma became uncomfortable with the attention he was getting at the rest of the team's expense. "I love him," Majerus says. "And the players love him. They see the almost insurmountable obstacles he has to overcome and feel they have a stake in his success."

There are about 300 Chinese students and faculty members at Utah, many of whom might very well make *"Jia you!"* ("Let's go!") a regular chant at Huntsman Arena. To further ease Ma's transition, the Utes are taking one training-table dinner a week at a local Chinese restaurant. Majerus maintains that the food there is good, but Ma says it is too Americanized. To back up his claim that he was an expert on cuisine, Majerus once pointed to his substantial belly. Ma pondered the coach's girth, then shook his head and said, "Cannot be all Chinese."

—HANK HERSCH

A former member of the Chinese national team jumped at the chance to play in the States.

JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

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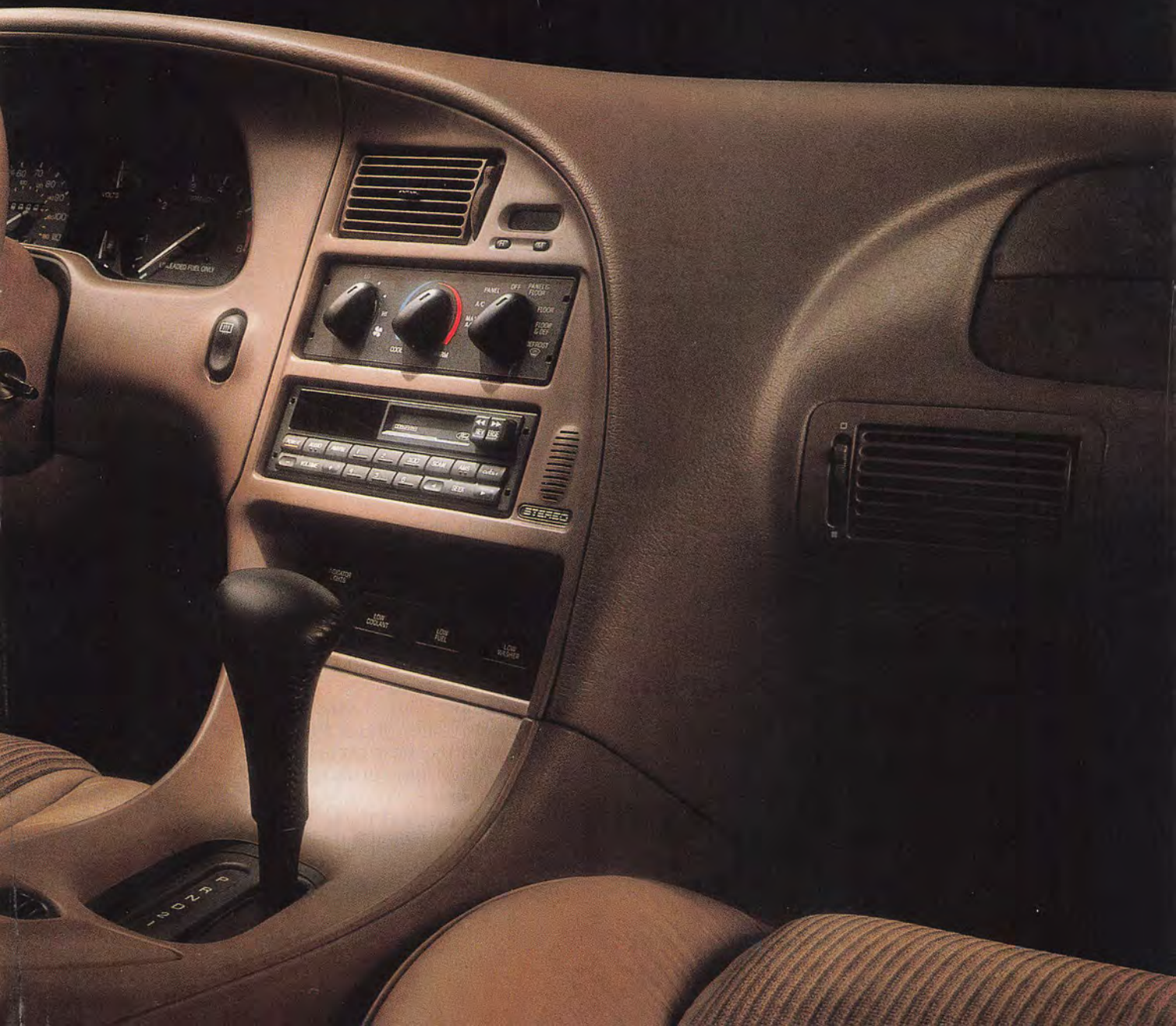

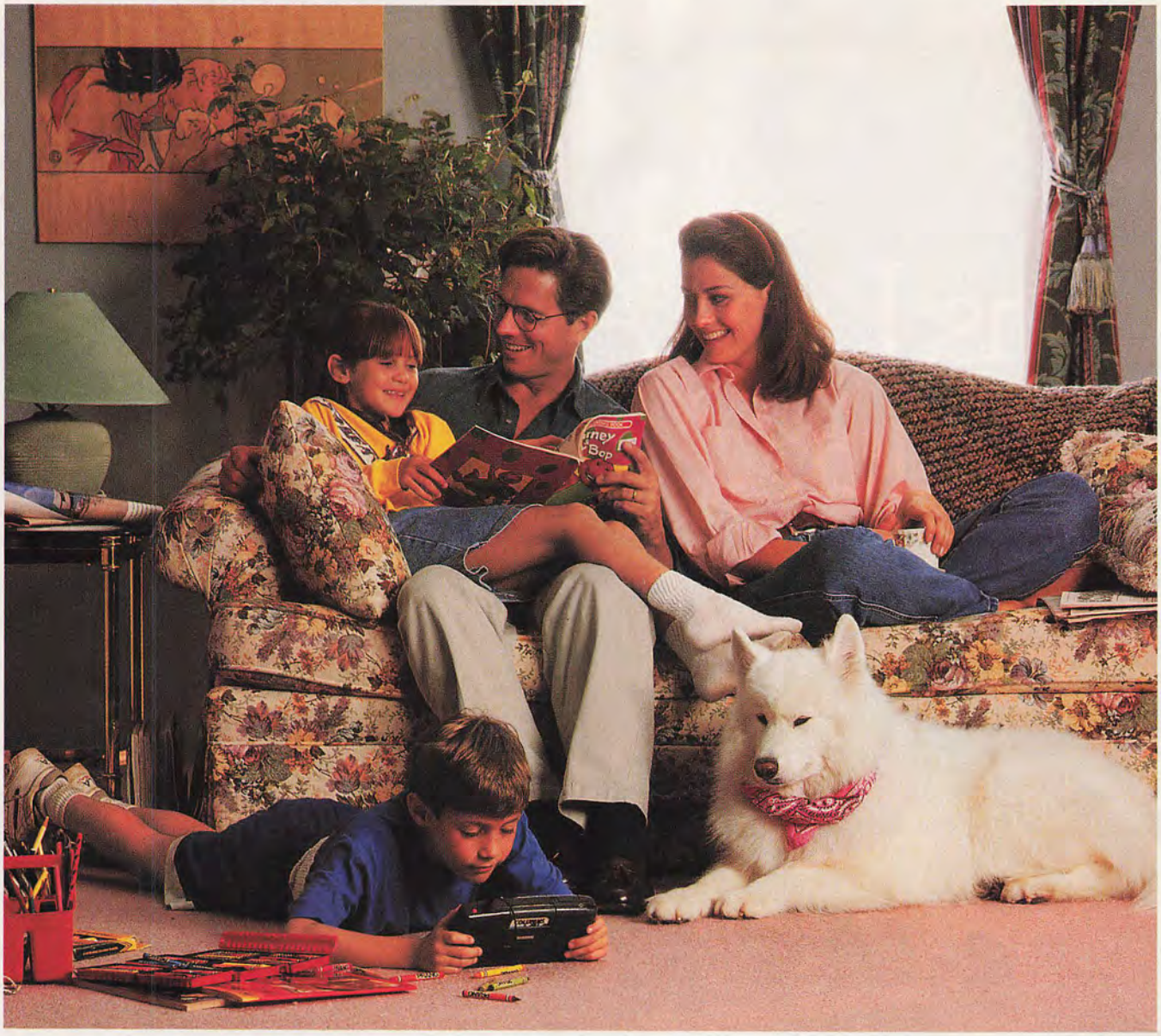

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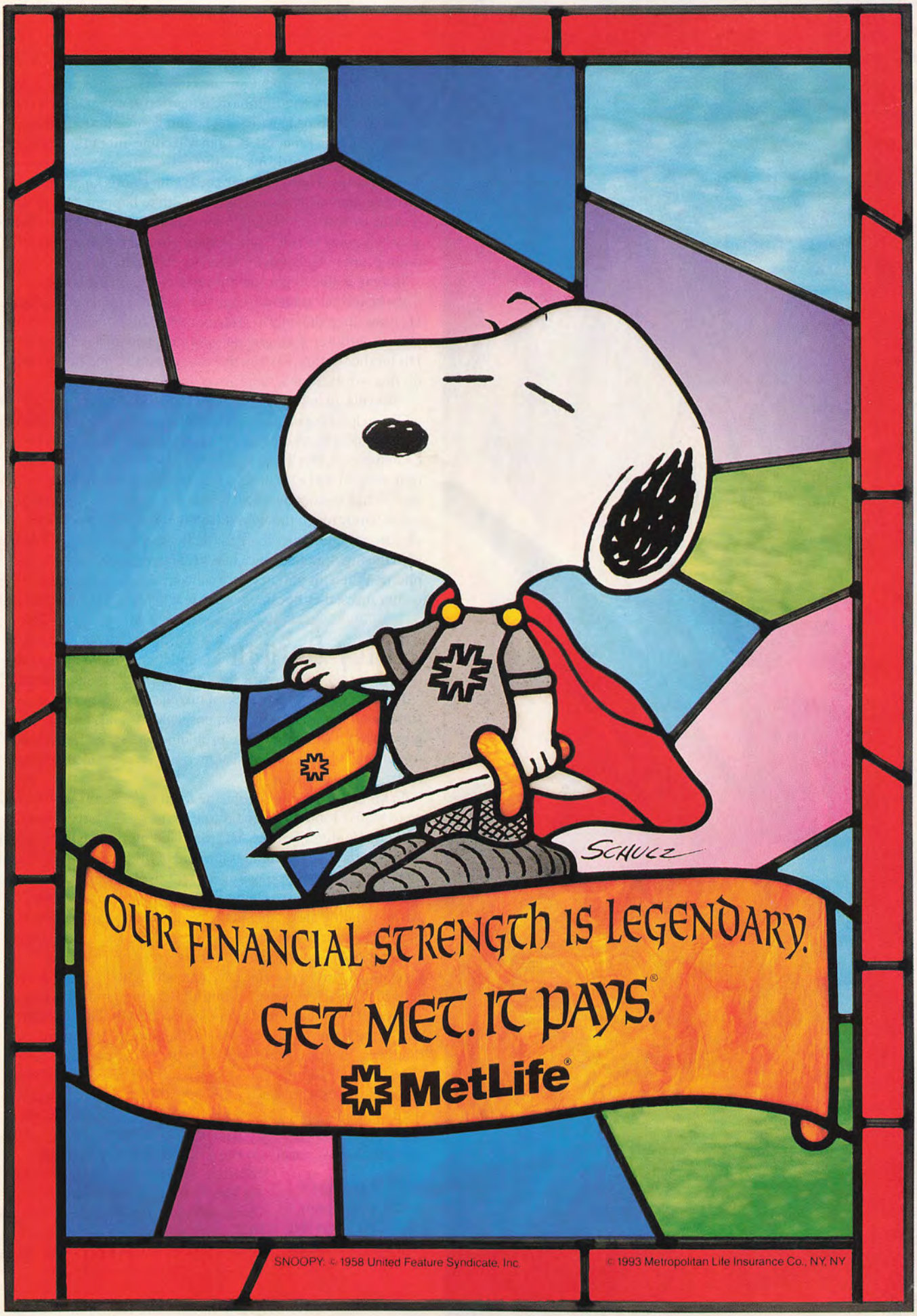
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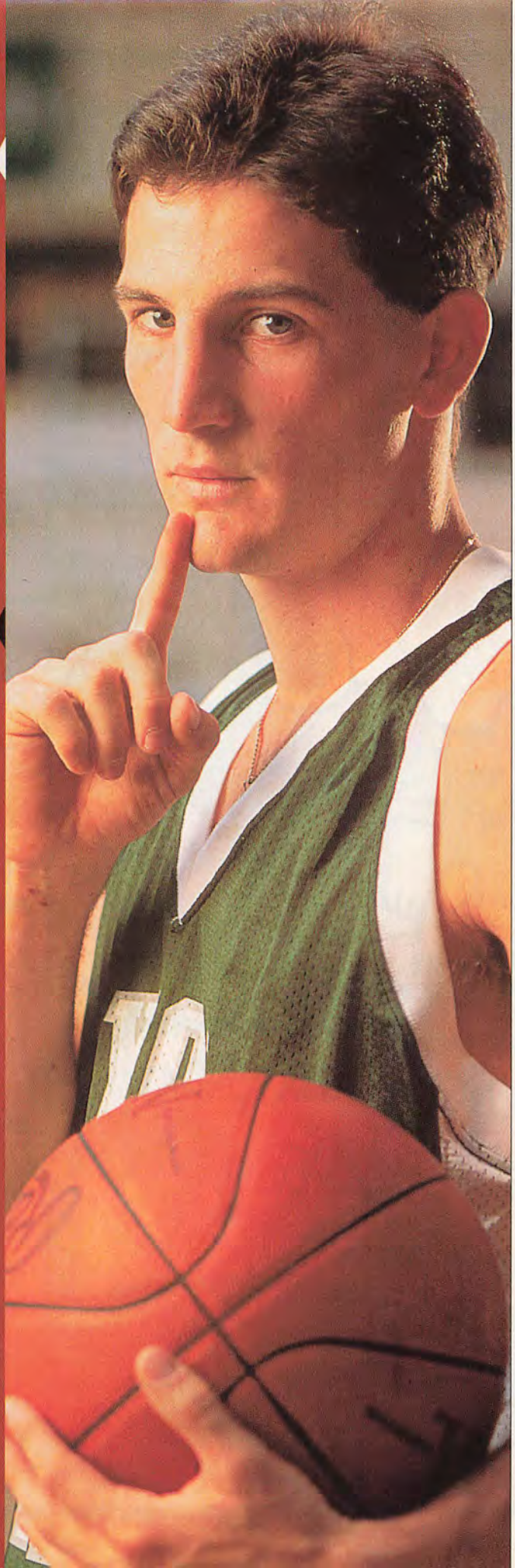

Tracy Bergan

SEATED IN THE STANDS NEAR THE LOYOLA COLLEGE BENCH AT most home games in Baltimore is a group of deaf fans who have a special relationship with Greyhound point guard Tracy Bergan. During timeouts Bergan will come out of the team huddle and give a little inside info to the group he calls the Flying Hands. Thanks to him, the Flying Hands know, for instance, that an alley-oop play is about to happen. "Without making eye contact, he'll sign something so we're aware of what play he's going to run," says Bergan's brother, Stefan, himself a point guard at Gallaudet University, in Washington, D.C.

Bergan is able to pass on this assist to the Flying Hands because he learned how to sign before he learned how to speak. He grew up as the only hearing person in his household: His parents, brother, four grandparents and two uncles are all deaf. His mother, Laura, sat him in front of the TV, and he learned his first words from *Sesame Street* and *Romper Room*.

Growing up in New Carrollton, Md., the brothers' basketball ability helped put an end to teasing from other kids who didn't understand why all the family members used their hands to communicate. But Tracy's ability to hear created other difficult moments. "I had a lot of responsibility, probably too much," he says. When the family was at a restaurant, the boy whose feet could barely touch the floor did all the ordering. When the electric company overcharged the Bergan account, the little boy with the high-pitched voice had to explain the mistake on the phone. When his parents were called in for parent-teacher conferences, they became parent-teacher-Tracy conferences. "I hated that," he says. "The teacher would chew me out and then I would have to sign to my parents what she said."

He learned the importance of taking care of others, but sometimes it was at his own expense. "My friends tell me I'm a good listener when they have problems," he says. "But when something is bothering me, I sometimes let it go until eventually it turns into a problem."

In his junior year at Loyola, the night before the Greyhounds were to play Iona in the first round of the 1992 Metro Atlantic Athletic Conference (MAAC) tournament, Bergan learned that his girlfriend had left him for a friend of his. Bergan didn't sleep all night, and the next day Iona upset Loyola. "I blamed myself for the loss," he says. "Then I started to drown my sorrows." After spending more time in the campus bars than in class during the next two weeks, he quit school and returned home.

Because Bergan had already been placed on academic probation in his freshman year, many thought he would never return. But back in New Carrollton, Bergan went to work to save enough money for tuition—he lost his scholarship when he quit—and reenrolled at Loyola last January. "There were doubters," he says, "but I wanted to prove them wrong."

Now he talks about all that he has left to prove. Bergan was named to several preseason All-MAAC teams even though he didn't play last year. This season he should break the Loyola career assist record of 424. And he talks about regaining everyone's trust, especially the group of friends and family members who have rooted the hardest for him. "I have to make the deaf community proud of me again," he says. "I let them down too."

—KELLY WHITESIDE

Loyola's point guard gives his deaf family and friends a sign that he's back in business.

DAVID BURNETT

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A Queen and Her Court

by KELLI ANDERSON

Whether Heidi Gillingham is at homecoming weekend or the women's Final Four, the 6′ 10″ All-America center reigns supreme for Vanderbilt

WITH THE OCTOBER rain falling in torrents at Vanderbilt Stadium and the Georgia Bulldogs chewing up the Commodores down on the field, Vandy fans had every excuse to cut out on another miserable performance by their hapless football team. But if they wanted a glimpse of athletic success, it meant sticking around until halftime. That's when Heidi Gillingham would be crowned homecoming queen.

Gillingham's credentials for the honor were not the conventional ones: She's a 6′ 10″ All-America senior center whose 14.6 points, 7.3 rebounds and 3.2 blocked shots a game led the Commodores' women's basketball team to the Final Four last season. But since that's the closest Vanderbilt has ever come to a national championship in any sport, wasn't it perfectly fitting that this woman be given a crown?

In the homecoming universe of the SEC, in which students often cast their votes for queen on the basis of pictures plastered around campus by sororities, the athletic Gillingham sticks out like a redwood tree in a rose garden. The tallest woman playing college basketball, she is also the tallest woman at Vanderbilt, so everyone on campus already knows who she is. The Fellowship of Christian Athletes nominated her for queen, but it was the student body that elected her—and came to Vanderbilt Stadium in the rain to honor her on Oct. 16.

Regal, serene and fond of wearing elegant clothes sewn by her mother, Janet, Gillingham is in many ways better cast in the role of royal than that of basketball star. In fact, as a psychology major the 22-year-old Gillingham could make a study of her own struggles with basketball, a sport in which exceptionally tall athletes must cope with assumptions of inherent excellence. She might also analyze her own pacifism, perfectionism and harsh self-criticism, all of which she had to deal with simply to be able to *like* basketball.

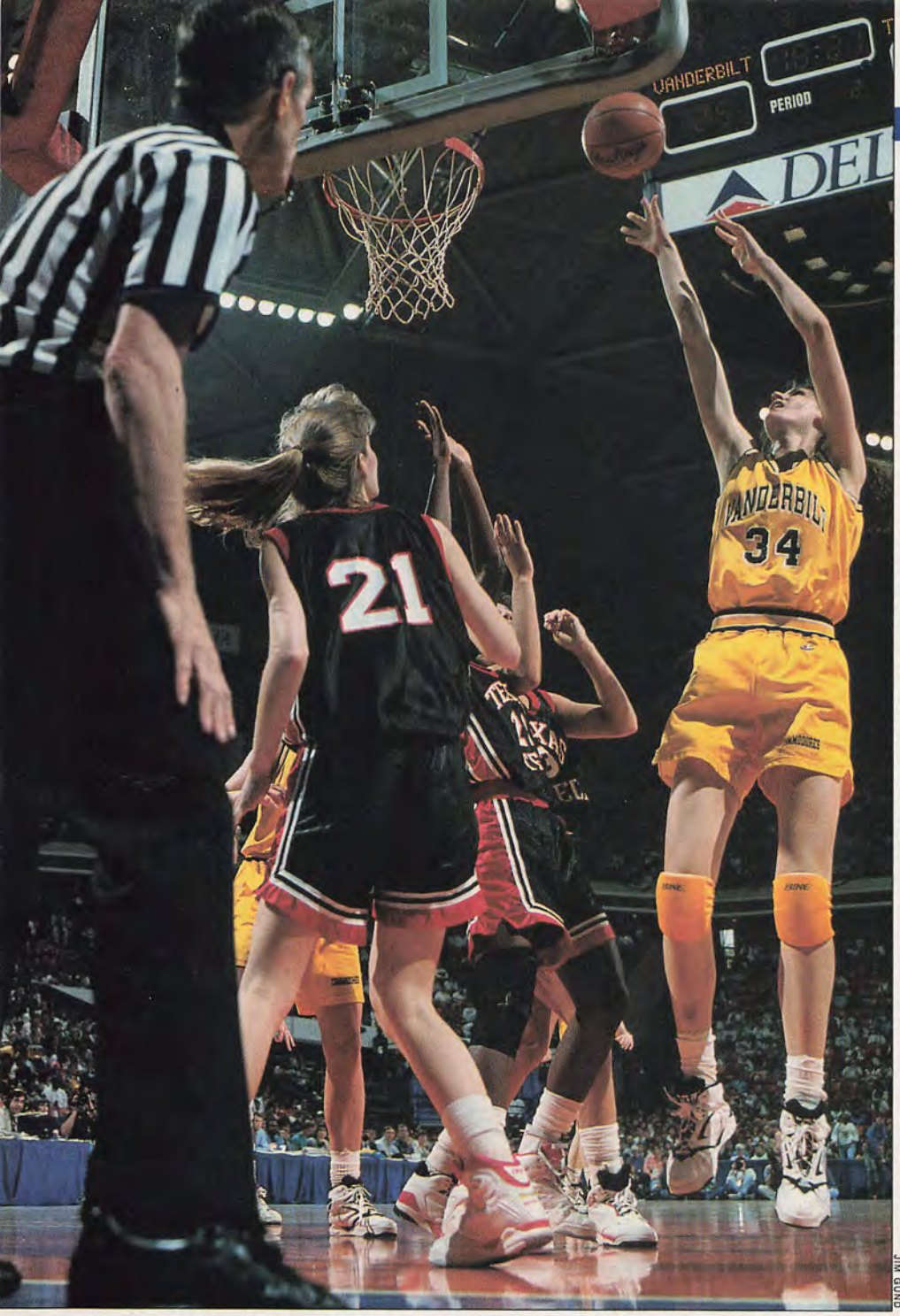
She first played the game at the age of 10 with her family in her driveway in Floresville, Texas, about 30 miles southeast of San Antonio. Her 6′ 6″ father, Kent, upon returning home from his job as an aerospace medical researcher at Brooks Air Force Base, would organize his extraordinarily tall family into teams: He and 5′ 8″ Janet would team up with little Gwendolyn; Heidi, her brother, Greg, and older sister, Heather, would take them on in a ragged free-for-all. Kent, who was always pulling his kids' shoulders back and saying, "Take advantage of your height!" knew that playing basketball would be a good way for them to do just that.

Heather would eventually top out at 6 feet and become a New York high-fashion runway model. Greg, 6′ 6″, played defensive end at Rice before graduating in 1992. But Gwendolyn, now a 6′ 7″ junior center at North Carolina, and Heidi stuck with basketball. For Heidi, who had always been a head taller than everyone else in her class—in third grade she was taller than the teacher—the choice was made in part because there weren't many after-school options in south Texas. "It was that or show livestock," she says.

As soon as she made her first real team, in seventh grade, Heidi found that people expected her squad to win simply because *that tall girl* was on it. "I never liked the

After coming to terms with a tragedy, Gillingham was able to smile at her coronation.

Photograph by Jim Brown



JIM GUND

Double-teamed by Texas Tech in the semis, Gillingham still got 24 of Vandy's 46 points.

game throughout high school," she says. "I felt like people expected me to be this basketball goddess. I felt like I had to be perfect, but I could never measure up."

Perfection mattered a lot to Gillingham. As a teenager she was known to tear up a 4-H sewing project 10 times before being satisfied with it. An A student, she regularly reworked her class papers for days until they were due. Even a phone call to make a hair appointment would require meticulous preparation to ensure all would go perfectly: Before dialing, Heidi wrote out what she planned to say on the phone, followed by all the possible responses from the hairdresser.

But on the basketball court, no matter how much she practiced, there would be the inevitable missed shot or failed block. Such mistakes couldn't be undone, and that frustrated her. Yet while she could be relentlessly competitive with herself, she had little taste for challenging others. "I just don't like to be aggressive," she says. "When I see a ball rolling, it's my nature to let someone else pick it up and wait my turn."

Even so, she played well enough for Poth High that she was fiercely recruited by more than 75 schools. After she accepted Vanderbilt's scholarship, Gillingham found herself playing behind the Commodores' 6′ 4″ All-America center Wendy Scholtens. "I compared myself to her constantly," says Gillingham, who, even as a substitute, played in every game and was the team's leading rebounder seven times during her freshman year. "Wendy seemed to make every single shot and get every rebound, and I couldn't see any improvement in myself," Gillingham says. "It got to the point where I hated the game. I realized I had always played because I was tall and society expected tall people to play basketball. I had a really bad attitude."

Instead of quitting, she listened to Vanderbilt coach Jim Foster, who finally convinced her that perfection was not expected or even possible. "He made me realize that my perfectionism was actually hurting my game," says Gillingham.

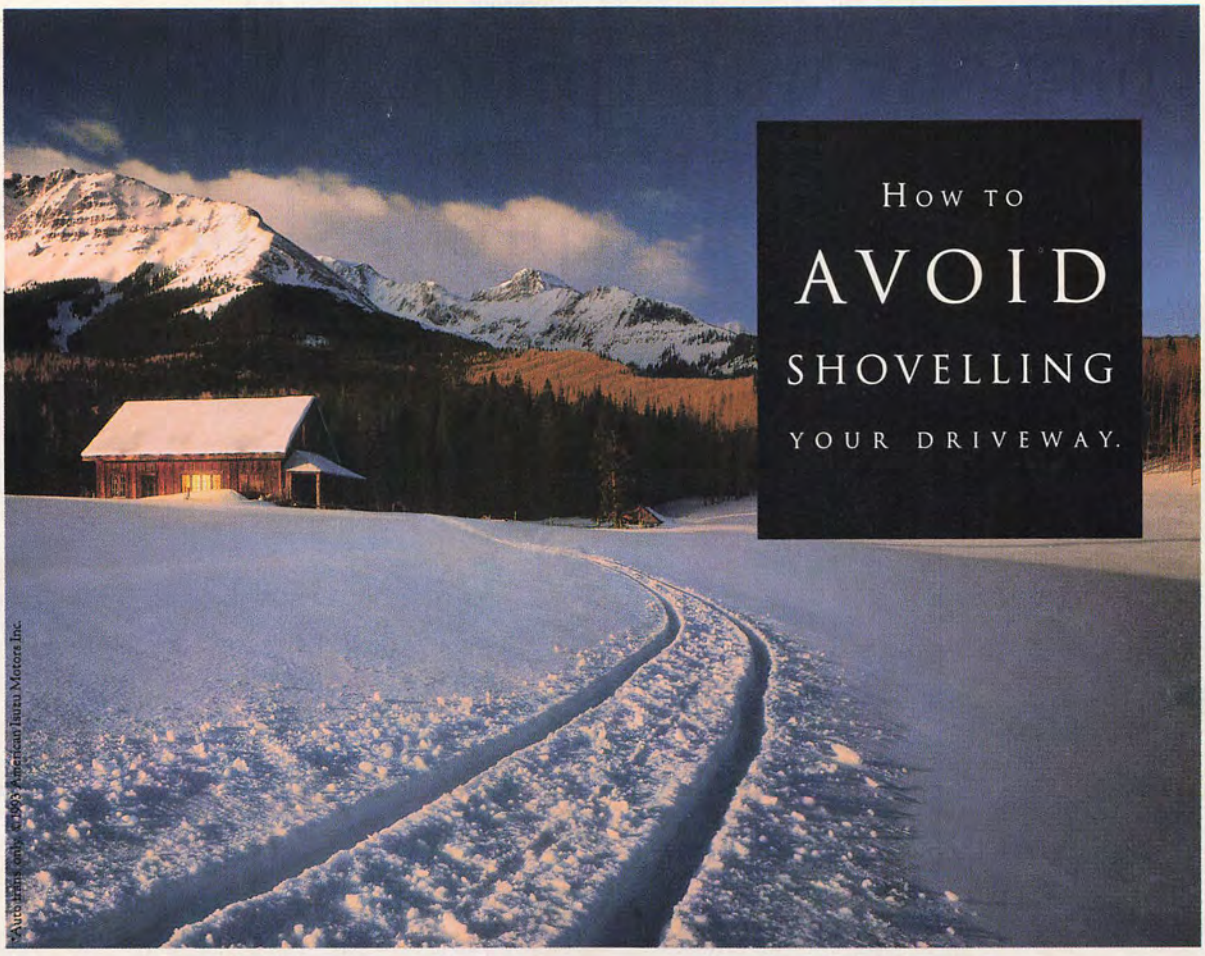
"I still have to remind Heidi that players in the Hall of Fame only made half their shots," says Foster. "But I think I could now get her to admit she likes the game."

"I decided," Gillingham now says, "that I was going to play basketball because that's what *I* wanted, not what society wanted."

She still doesn't take a missed shot lightly, but, then, she doesn't miss many. Last season she made 62.5% of her shots from the floor—a good portion of them from inside the paint, where her classic back-to-the-basket, low-post game thrives. In two games last season she was perfect, shooting 12 for 12 against Arkansas and 8 for 8 against Texas.

She has also made long strides in her campaign to be more aggressive. Just ask the Western Kentucky player who last season had a potentially game-winning, buzzer-beating breakaway layup slapped away by Gillingham, who ran her opponent down from behind and spiked the ball to kingdom come. "It was the most vicious swat I have ever seen," says teammate Julie Powell admiringly. "And Heidi came out of nowhere to make it."

Gillingham showed that tenacity again in the Commodores' semifinal game against eventual national champion Texas Tech at the Final Four in Atlanta last April. The Lady Raiders shut down the rest of the Commodore offense but could



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not stop Gillingham, who scored 24 of Vanderbilt's 46 points while being double-teamed.

But her aggressiveness only goes so far—and does not extend to that most flamboyant of gestures: dunking the basketball. "I just have no personal desire to do it," she says, though her brother says she is more than able.

Because of her size Gillingham would strike terror into opponents' hearts even if she did nothing more than stand under the basket filing her nails. "Her presence is instant intimidation," says Vanderbilt point guard Rhonda Blades. "It changes the way teams play. With Heidi on the court, there's always an option: I can throw the ball where only she can get it."

Strategies to deal with the Heidi Factor vary. Those teams that can come close to matching her size in the post find that Gillingham is remarkably agile and more than willing to put the ball on the floor, which usually puts her opponent on the bench in foul trouble. There's also double-teaming, which Texas Tech tried to little avail. Last season during the NCAA tournament, Gillingham was even *bitten*. Through it all, she was unruffled. In the paint, just as in any public place full of gawking strangers, she maintains a poise that is almost otherworldly. "She's kind of *out there*," says former Commodore forward Sarah Mannes. "She's always thinking. There's a real curiosity about her."

Indeed, Gillingham says, "I'm often content to just sit and think. I'll do it anytime, anywhere. Sometimes I even space out at the dinner table. My teammates call it Heidiland."

Heidiland may account for the advent of Heidi Standard Time or, in the Commodore vernacular, HST. "HST is telling Heidi to be somewhere 15 minutes before she needs to be there," says Powell, Gillingham's roommate. "She takes forever to get ready for anything."

It may be that she is busy in Heidiland, composing a random thought. As vice-president of Vanderbilt's Fellowship of Christian Athletes, Gillingham closes each meeting with one of her Random Thoughts by Heidi Gillingham—inspirational vignettes about her faith. So now the girl who once had to rehearse telephone conversations is giving several speeches a month, usually on a religious topic and usually at churches and schools. She says she still doesn't enjoy public speaking, but it is one measure of her faith that she is willing to go through the stress to share her religious devotion.

COURTESY JANET GILLINGHAM

When Greg was married in July, he was joined by the rest of Team Gillingham (from left): Heidi, Gwendolyn, Kent, Janet and Heather.

That devotion is something Gillingham relied on heavily when faced with tragedy this fall. On Sept. 27, the day Gillingham learned that she was a finalist for homecoming queen, she called home to tell her family the good news. There was no answer. Late that night she got a phone call from Texas: Her father, who would have escorted her into Vanderbilt Stadium for her coronation, had been killed when the small plane he was piloting crashed seconds after takeoff in San Antonio.

"Certainly I will miss my dad, but I'm not sad, and a lot of people find that amazing," she says. "I am left with a feeling of gratitude that I had so many years with him."

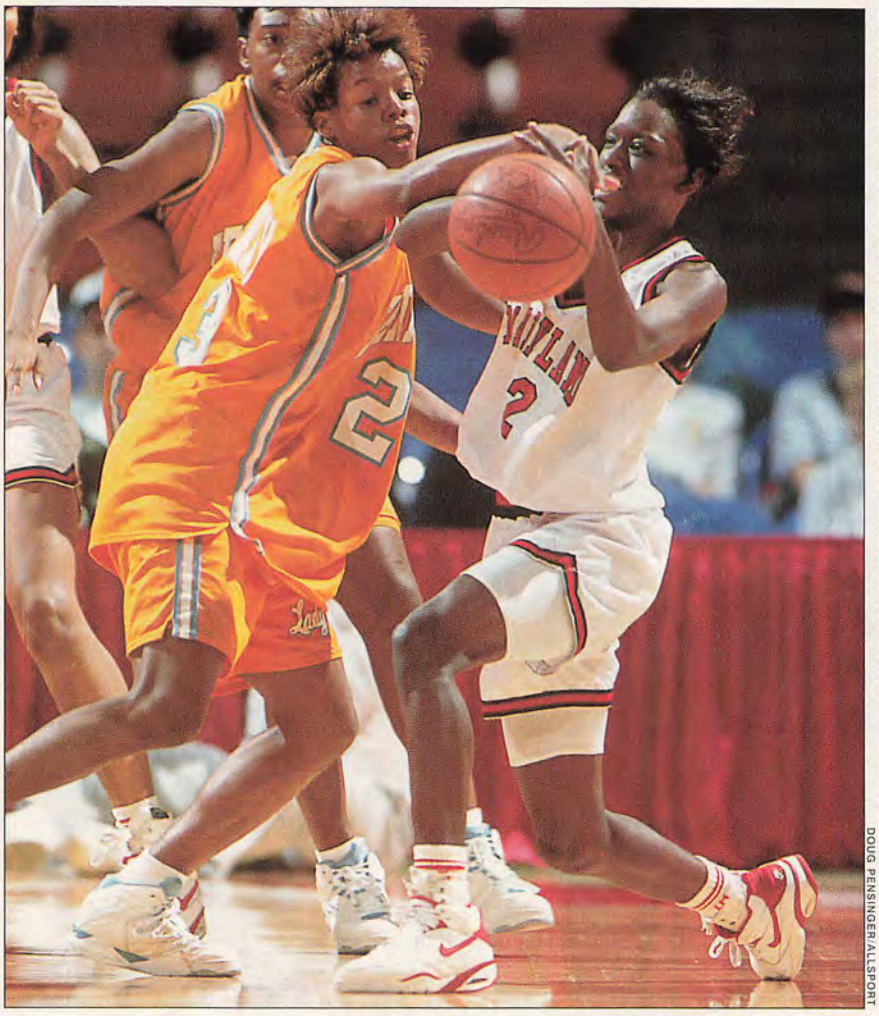
At Vandy Stadium, Heidi showed her regal bearing.

JIM BROWN

On the day of the homecoming game, Gillingham wasn't thinking about the weather or about the thrashing Vanderbilt was taking out on the field. She was thinking about her father. As she walked onto the wet turf to the thunderous applause of 28,554 fans, she could picture him next to her. "I could just see him puffing out his chest and grinning," she says. "In my heart I knew how proud he'd be. So I was nothing but thrilled."

Standing there, oblivious to the gray skies, she bent down to receive her crown and get a peck on the cheek from the chancellor. Then Heidi Gillingham pulled back her shoulders, like her father always told her, gave a little royal wave and blew a kiss to the crowd. ■

Women's



DOUG PENSINGER/ALLSPORT

Forget all the talk about parity. One of the game's traditional powers will plow through the NCAA tournament's expanded field of 64 teams

COULD THERE BE ANY better evidence of the widespread appeal of women's basketball than what took place last season? Sell-out crowds squeezed into games everywhere from Lubbock, Texas, to Burlington, Vt. New teams entered the Top 20 nearly every week. The Final Four in Atlanta had four teams that had never before reached the semis. To top everything off, Texas Tech, a low-visibility team composed almost entirely of West Texans, gave hope to every upstart program in the nation by winning it all.

Parity, it seemed, had been achieved. Accordingly, beginning this season the NCAA tournament will be expanded from 48 to 64 teams. But will any of those 16 extra teams reach the '94 Final Four in Richmond? Not a chance. Actually, it doesn't look too good for 40 or so other teams that will make the field, either.

Remember the schools that used to hog all the glory back in the pre-parity years—Tennessee, Auburn, Louisiana Tech? They're back, they're hungry, and they don't give a damn about parity. Every team in our top six has been to the Final Four, and of the 12 women's tournaments that have been played under NCAA auspices, these teams have won nine.

The coach of three of those title winners, Pat Summitt of **Tennessee**, spent the last Final Four weekend belting out Supremes tunes at an Atlanta karaoke bar with fellow Final Four regular Tara VanDerveer, whose Stanford team had also lost a week earlier. "Trust me, I hope that was my last performance," says Summitt, who won her 500th game on Sunday, an 80–45 victory over Ohio State. With seven experienced players back and three freshmen who hold the title of Ms. Basketball in their home states, the Lady Vols are loaded. Junior point guard Tiffany Woosley will run Summitt's wide-open offense along with either Nikki Caldwell or sophomore Michelle Marciniak, who is now eligible after transferring from Notre Dame.

Across the Cumberland Plateau but in the same state is **Vanderbilt**, a new powerhouse that strikes a small blow for parity even as it sinks the cause of geographic diversity. The Commodores, who have depth and speed to go with the inside game and outside shooting that took them to last spring's Final Four, will most likely field the tallest women's team ever. Crowding the air space of 6′ 10″ center Heidi Gillingham *(page 68)* will be 6′ 4″ junior jump-hook specialist Mara Cunningham and two freshmen, 6′ 5″ Jennifer Cox and 6′ 7″ Angela Gorsica.

But will Vandy's towering front line be enough to hold off **Auburn**, the hungriest team in the SEC? Having lost national championship finals in '88, '89 and '90, coach Joe Ciampi is so eager to win a national title that he holds an annual preseason "etiquette dinner" to teach the Lady Tigers proper utensil management—just in case they are invited to a White House celebration banquet. Auburn features 6′ 6″ newcomer Malgorzata Raubo, a native of Poland and an All-America at Independence (Kans.) Community College, who comes with a reputation for trash-talking in Polish. Raubo was nailed with a technical last season when a ref decided the word she called him sounded a lot like "idioso." SEC Freshman of the Year Kristen Mulligan is back from last season's 25–4 team.

Like Auburn, **Louisiana Tech** is itching to make the finals, something the Lady Techsters have not done since winning their second national title, in 1988. Aiding the Tech cause is the best backcourt in

Top 10

the nation—sophomore shooting guard Vickie Johnson and senior point guard Pam Thomas, a Shreveport native who is so quick she'll be singing *Blew by You* to opposing guards.

While there is some doubt whether new coach Cheryl Miller can make the transition from dazzling player to astute strategist at **Southern Cal**, no one questions that the Trojans have the talent to go all the way, as Miller did as a player at USC in 1983 and '84. She will be looking for big numbers from new shooting guard Karleen Shields, a 25-year-old mother of two who led all collegians in 1992–93 with her 42.2-point average at Contra Costa College in San Pablo, Calif. Shields is already getting big assists from 6′ 5″ senior All-America forward Lisa Leslie, who walks Shields's six-year-old daughter, Keisha, to school every morning.

Because **Stanford** has no obvious replacements for Val Whiting, the Pac-10's alltime leading scorer and rebounder, and Molly Goodenbour, the 1992 Final Four MVP, VanDerveer would seem to be embarking on another rebuilding year. But remember, the last time Stanford was supposedly rebuilding, in 1991–92, it won the national title. Success this season will depend on two factors: the healing of numerous preseason injuries—"We're starting to look like the Golden State Warriors," says VanDerveer—and the maturing of what might be the Cardinal's best-ever freshman class. Top recruit Jamila Wideman may start at point guard.

Top 10

1. Tennessee
2. Vanderbilt
3. Auburn
4. Louisiana Tech
5. Southern Cal
6. Stanford
7. Penn State
8. North Carolina
9. Kansas
10. Ohio State

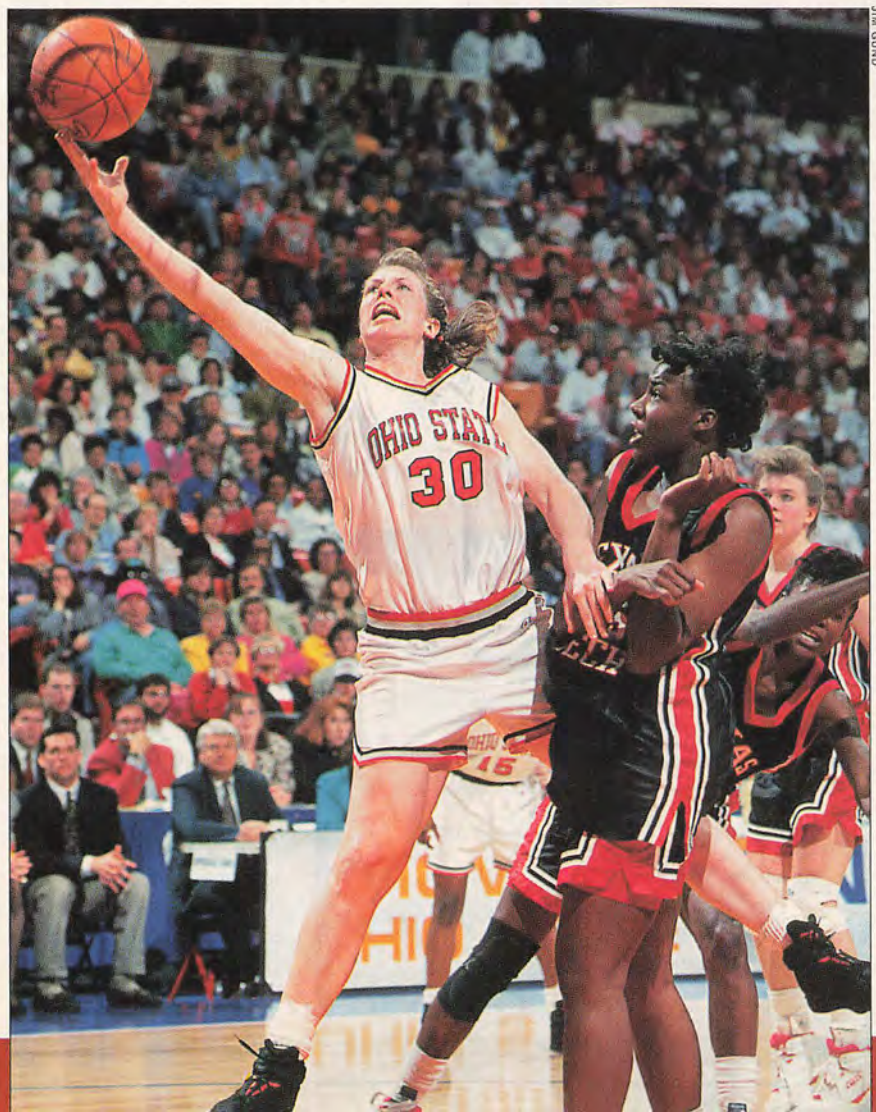
With Iowa and Ohio State both depleted by graduation, **Penn State** should own the Big Ten. Coach Rene Portland has so much confidence in her backcourt, junior shooter Katina Mack and 5′ 3″ sophomore point guard Tina Nicholson, that she has scrapped her infamously controlled offense. "They are going to do things this year with my blessing that I don't even know about yet," says Portland.

Words can't quite express the regard **North Carolina** coach Sylvia Hatchell has for freshman guard Marion Jones, who not only was the 1993 California high school basketball player of the year but also qualified for the 4 × 100 U.S. Olympic relay team. "Oh, man," says Hatchell of the delicious prospect of coaching Jones. "Mmmmm, mmmmm, mmmmmm." In addition to finding words for Jones, Hatchell needs to find her a position, because Tonya Sampson, the ACC's leading scorer last season, is entrenched at shooting guard, Jones's most natural spot.

At **Kansas**, junior swingman Angela Aycock, who has been playing basketball only since 10th grade, evokes the grace and fluidity of former Jayhawk star Lynnette Woodard. If Aycock, sophomore three-point specialist Charisse Sampson and hotly recruited freshman guard Tamecka Dixon all deliver, coach Marian Washington's 21st season could be her best yet. Says Aycock, "This year we're either going farther than Kansas has ever gone, or we're going to absolutely crash."

Last season **Ohio State** went from the preseason-rankings netherworld all the way to the championship game. Will Katie Smith, a freshman All-America in 1992–93, look as strong without departed guards Audrey Burcy and Averrill Roberts to feed her the ball? Probably. Two international basketball tours over the summer gave Smith, a former state shotput and discus champ from Logan, Ohio, a chance to both see the world and fine-tune her game. Says Smith, "My play is smarter, and now I've seen some Gothic cathedrals."

—Kelli Anderson



JIM GUND

Tennessee has 10 players who, like Nikki McCray (23, left), have a lot on the ball, but Ohio State has a one-woman show in Smith.

Division

CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

Douglass can tap into a deep well of talented players that includes (from left) Jeff Kuehl, Justin Huston, Warren, Phillips and Oats.

Cal State–Bakersfield may not have the glitz of schools in L.A., but it does have the hottest basketball program—for its size—in the state

ON THE ONE HAND Bakersfield, Calif., has this image of being a one-horse town. Situated at the south end of the San Joaquin Valley, Bakersfield (pop. 195,000) is seen throughout the state as a time-forsaken city known for its crude oil, crops and country music (Buck Owens and Merle Haggard got their breaks in the city some call Nashville West). Each week the Fox Network takes a poke at the town with *Bakersfield P.D.*, a rube-laden, half-hour TV show.

On the other hand there is the upscale image of the Cal State–Bakersfield basketball team. Born 22 seasons ago in the university's second year and lodged in Division II, the Roadrunners have established themselves as a powerhouse (four straight Division II Final Four appearances), a catalyst for civic support (residents pay for the team's 12 basketball scholarships through swimathons, bingo nights and twice-yearly barbecues at the fairgrounds) and a magnet for positive press (daily coverage on three local TV news shows, plus occasional live game broadcasts). On Monday nights last season, coach Pat Douglass's weekly TV show even set *Nightline* back a half hour on the ABC affiliate, but then Douglass and Co. made almost as much news as Koppel. By going 33–0 the Runners finished with the finest mark ever by an NCAA team on any level.

After defeating Troy (Ala.) State 85–72 in the Division II title game last March in Springfield, Mass., the Roadrunners were greeted on their return home by 2,000 gold-sweatered fans chanting, "Thirty-three and oh," at the Kern County airport. Then they were paraded down Truxtun Avenue and handed the key to the city.

Now the Roadrunners have four starters back and are front-runners to run through everyone again this season. "Last year was crazy; it was like we didn't know how to lose," says junior guard Kenny Warren. (The Runners apparently remembered how in their second game this season; they lost 75–73 in overtime to San Francisco State.)

In reality, town and team both have more to offer than meets the eye. Sure, there are parts of the city that seem no more urbane than when "Cousin Ebb" Pilling and the Ozark Squirrel Shooters were packing them in at the Pumpkin Center Barn Dance in the 1950s. But the populace's pride and easy familiarity help the fund-raising efforts. Some residents even contributed the raw materials and labor to build a house last year, which was then sold for $320,000, with the proceeds going to the athletic program. From the local sand dunes and sagebrush has risen a Division II power: In 23 years Cal State–Bakersfield (enrollment 5,226) has won 21 national titles in men's and women's sports.

True, Bakersfield is a far cry from Los Angeles, which is 110 miles to the south, over the Tejon Pass—or "through the grapevine," in the local parlance. But there is still ample limelight to accommodate the publicity-conscious athlete. Forward Cornelius Banks, one of five new players now eligible after redshirting last season, transferred from UC Irvine, a Division I school, in '92. "Here there is media coverage, fan support, the coach has his own show—that's all I had to hear," says Banks. "At Irvine we had media day, and that was about it."

On the court the team's returning nucleus is as fine-tuned as, well, the Ozark Squirrel Shooters. Warren, a six-foot guard from Port-

Top 10

1. Cal State–Bakersfield
2. Virginia Union
3. North Carolina Central
4. New Hampshire College
5. Philadelphia Textile
6. South Dakota
7. Bridgeport
8. Southern Indiana
9. Tampa
10. Central Oklahoma

land, Ore., provides the outside firepower; he nailed 11 three-pointers (on only 15 attempts) against Grand Canyon last March to set a Division II tournament record. Reggie Phillips, a Bakersfield native, is a 5′ 10″ guard with awe-inspiring springs; says Banks, "I haven't seen a guy that small jump that high ever." At the point and at center, respectively, are two New Yorkers, 6′ 3″ Tyrone Davis and 6 ′7″ Roheen Oats. They played together at Columbia (Calif.) College and transferred to Bakersfield last season.

"Basically, we're best friends," Oats says. "We would do anything for each other. We sit up at night and talk about school, about basketball, just wondering how far we can make it." Davis was the one who steered the Runners to the finish line, scoring 27 points in the title game to earn MVP honors.

Cal State–Bakersfield's unprecedented success last season came as a shock to the 43-year-old Douglass. "I took a wait-and-see attitude because we had so many new players," he says. "Then, after it was over, when someone told me no team had ever won that many and been undefeated, I was taken aback."

Watch Douglass in action for a while and it's not surprising that he had no clue about the record. He is so laid-back that one critic of his TV show called him "the Human Test Pattern." He doesn't even use a whistle in practice, but don't take that to mean he doesn't come across loud and clear. Playing his motion offense, the Runners fired 54.2% from the floor in '92–93; their man-to-man defense limited opponents to 41.7% shooting.

Even if the Roadrunners can't go unbeaten again this season, they are still determined to win another title. "The seniors, the guys who have been there before, we're all hungry," Davis says. "We want to go out with a bang." If it's as big a bang as last season's, folks will hear it through the grapevine, and everywhere else. —HANK HERSCH

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Division III

MANNY MILLAN

The Ephs are hoping that they will be able to milk another good season out of (from left) Williams, Bice, Gingold and Matt Freeman.

Holy (purple) cow, after 32 years of self-imposed exile from postseason play, Williams can once again compete for the national title

FOR THE PAST FIVE basketball seasons, Pappa Charlie's Deli on the campus of Williams College has christened a sandwich in honor of the Ephs' top player each week. After selecting the main man on Sunday, the Williamstown, Mass., eatery allows (well, *implores*) that player to head toward the breadbasket and customize his own hoagie. If the player is particularly imaginative, his sandwich may become a permanent fixture on the menu board.

Until this season, earning a spot on Pappa Charlie's menu was about the greatest glory a Williams player could achieve. Ever since 1961, Williams had not allowed its teams to compete in postseason tournaments.

That policy was adopted after the Ephs lost to Wittenberg in the '61 college-division tournament in Evansville, Ind. There, Williams administrators watched in dismay as the Wittenberg students boisterously celebrated their team's victory. Appalled by the students' behavior, Williams chose to abandon "big-time" college athletics. When the New England Small College Athletic Conference (NESCAC) was formed in 1971, with Williams as a member, the conference adopted Williams's policy as well.

But last April the presidents of the 11 NESCAC schools voted to permit conference members to compete in the NCAAs on a three-year trial basis. (Not that the ever-sensible authorities completely lost their heads, however; NESCAC rules still stipulate that league standings must be ordered alphabetically and not by the teams' records.) "Now we have something more to play for than just a pretty record," says Williams senior forward Rob Bice, who last year helped the Ephs to a 23–4 finish by sinking 52% of his three-point shots.

Perhaps a few tournament wins will also help quiet the guffaws Williams players often hear when they hit the court. After all, it's difficult to be taken seriously when your nickname is the Ephs (the abbreviated first name of school founder Ephraim Williams) and your mascot is a purple cow (inspired by doggerel verse written by Gelett Burgess in 1895).

The Eph troop has 14 of 15 players back from a team that ranked fifth in the nation in scoring margin last season, which leads sophomore forward John Botti to muse, "We're deeper than Sylvia Plath." References like that seem to confirm the notion that the Eph men are a bunch of bookish nerds, an image they'll do just about anything to dispel. Senior guard Pete Davenport spent part of last summer roaming the beaches of Maine dressed in a ruffled, polka-dot woman's swimsuit. Mercifully, it was a one-piece. Asked why he did it, he responded, "Sometimes you just don't know why you do certain things." Senior forward Rob Williams has proclaimed himself the school's social chairman of blow-out pajama parties. He has attracted as many as 200 partygoers to these nocturnal affairs.

Then there's 7′ 3″ junior center Eric Gingold, who as a freshman was named the tallest Jew ever to play college hoops by the *National Jewish Post and Opinion*. Gingold found his way to Division III ball after first visiting several larger schools. One Division I coach promptly told him, "Man, you must really stink if I've never heard of you."

The Ephs become truly well-rounded during January, when Williams students take only one class, usually in some offbeat subject. Previous offerings have included "How to Buy a Car" and "The U.S. National Census." "We don't spend a lot of January worrying about school," says Bice. "It works out well because that's when we play the heart of our schedule."

The Eph men will most likely use much of their spare time this January pondering new sandwich combinations. After all, if they get to the Division III tournament finals, Pappa Charlie's will need a few more player-of-the-week hoagies. —MICHAEL JAFFE

Top 10

1. Rowan
2. Franklin & Marshall
3. Johns Hopkins
4. Rhodes
5. SUNY Geneseo
6. New York University
7. Ohio Northern
8. Williams
9. New Jersey Tech
10. Wisconsin-Platteville

Driving rains. Jack-knifed trucks. Way too many moose.

Last year, Tom Marsh bought a Suzuki 4-door Sidekick 4x4 in Chicago, loaded up his earthly possessions, and left for Alaska, in a convoy with a few friends. When they got to the mountainous Al-Can Highway, Tom's friends decided he should lead. "They envisioned having to wait for me to catch up on every hill." Easy enough to envision: Tom was towing a 1,500-lb trailer. "Well, surprise, surprise. I could pull all but the steepest hills in 3rd gear." The Sidekick has a powerful 16-valve engine. "We ran into rotten weather, horrible accidents and moose." Moose? "Standing in the middle of the road, usually as we came around a sharp curve." Fortunately, the Sidekick also has a rear-wheel anti-lock brake system. "I cannot tell you how dependable the Sidekick is. I'll own one as long as I need a rugged vehicle. I can always be guaranteed of getting there, and enjoying the trip." Come rain, snow, sleet. Or moose.

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Peacefully

World Cup '94

PILOTS ON APPROACH TO THE BELFAST airport sometimes tell passengers to reset their watches to the local time: 1690. Your pilot hadn't said this, but you had heard the story nevertheless, and it had you wondering about the cabbie who'll take you into town, this man who wants to know why you've come to Northern Ireland. Soccer game, you tell him. "Not a seat to be had," he says.

The Republic of Ireland is playing the North, and a loss will keep the Republic from qualifying for the World Cup finals in the U.S. next summer. The North is out of it no matter what. The two sides are playing in Ulster, which is still mourning its dead from the bloodiest month in decades, 27 lives, Catholic and Protestant, lost in October, most of them here in Belfast. People call the murderous conflict "the troubles," in a kind of resigned understatement. "They sadden me greatly," your driver says. "These people causing the troubles, they're not real Irish. They don't have the Gaelic soul. Me, I have no enemies. People may not like me, but I have no enemies."

You begin to form the question in your head: *Not that it matters, but are you. . . ?* The answer comes before you can ask.

"I grew up on the Shankill Road, where all was red, white and blue—orange to the core," he says, indicating with codes of color and place that he's Protestant. "But if the Republic should go to the Cup finals, I for one won't have a tear in the eye. They're Irish, and I'd wish them well."

Archie Cunningham is your driver's name, and with sport and politics you have broached subjects entangled with much of his life. Luckily, it's a long ride to the hotel, long enough to accommodate all the stories tumbling now into the back

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIMON BRUTY

Done

In bloody Belfast, hatreds were put aside as World Cup–bound Ireland tied Northern Ireland

by Alexander Wolff

Amity reigned before and during the game, but away from Windsor Park, signs of Ulster's strife were all too evident.

seat: How Cunningham had been a crack cyclist once, good enough to win the Tour of Ireland; how he had carried the tricolored flag of the Republic at the 1972 Olympics for a united Irish team, only to receive threats from hard-liners in the Shankill; how fierce Protestant Unionists had phoned him at home a few years later, on the eve of a St. Patrick's Day race in the South, warning him off competing in it. He went anyway and won the thing. "If I hadn't gone, if I'd allowed myself to be dictated to, I'd have been bothered with calls every night," he says.

By now you are passing the city center, with the ring of hills girdling the sectarian slums of West Belfast to your right. To the left is the shipyard that built the *Titanic*. Soon Archie is carrying your bags to the front desk. "You and I are going to have a couple of pints of the black stuff before you fly off," he says.

The Irish need only minutes to make friends of strangers. Why do they require centuries to do the same of each other? You will pose this question again and again during your three-day visit to Belfast. You meet John Sugden, an education professor at the University of Ulster who cofounded Belfast United, a mixed-faith youth soccer team that tours the U.S. each summer. He explains that in international rugby and boxing there are all-Ireland teams, encompassing the Catholic South and the largely Protestant North, which is still part of the United Kingdom. Even to that most nationalistic of athletic convocations, the Olympics, Ireland sends simple Irishmen and Irishwomen, people from the North and South, people like Archie Cunningham. Why is soccer different? "It's a working-class game, and most of the troubles are in working-class areas," Sugden says. "So talk of a united team really gets the hackles raised."

Twenty years ago Northern Ireland

John Aldridge and his Republic mates were down, but a late goal won them a trip to the U.S.

fielded a team with two of the greatest players in the world, George Best and Pat Jennings. Best was a Protestant striker, Jennings a Catholic goalkeeper, and they roomed together. When the North reached the Cup finals in 1982, virtually all of Ulster, including most of the 40% Catholic minority, rallied to the team. But during the late 1980s, after the signing of the Anglo-Irish Agreement pledging greater cooperation between Great Britain and the Republic, Protestant Ulster felt increasingly isolated and began to cling more desperately to symbols of its separateness from the South. About the same time, an Englishman named Jack Charlton took over the Republic's theretofore mediocre team and made a great success of it, going all the way to the final eight of the Cup in 1990. After years of immersion in Gaelic games—parochial pastimes like hurling and Gaelic football—Irish Catholics could now use soccer as well to proclaim their Irishness to the world. Over this span the number of Catholics on the Northern Ireland team dwindled, and its successes on the field became more modest. And the mood at Windsor Park, where Northern Ireland plays, became increasingly sectarian.

Windsor Park is set amid the redbrick row houses of the Village, a Unionist stronghold in South Belfast. The stadium is home to Linfield, a soccer club that suited up its first Catholic player only last year, largely because of pressure from commercial sponsors. In 1991 a terrorist grenade exploded at one end of the stadium among supporters of Cliftonville, a Catholic team. While the Irish Republican Army and its Unionist counterparts tend to spare sport, the inflammations that the terrorists from both sides cause are undressed sores, and soccer games with sectarian implications routinely reinfect them. Even as they cheer a Northern Ireland team composed of players from both faiths, Protestant fans sing such songs as *The Sash My Father Wore,* with its lyrics about being "up to our knees in Fenian [Catholic] blood."

Sugden explains: "It was a kind of push-me, pull-you situation. Catholics weren't made to feel welcome in Windsor Park, and Big Jack was working this miracle down in Dublin. The last few years I've asked my students, 'Who supports Northern Ireland and who supports the Republic?' And you can almost run a line between them—the Protestants support the North and the Catholics support the Republic. I've done this on too many occasions for it to be down to chance."

Last March in Dublin, where the Republic beat Northern Ireland 3–0, fans taunted the North by chanting, "There's only one team in Ireland!" Yet only five of the Republic's 22 players were actually born on the Old Sod, and three of the others qualified in the most tenuous fashion the rules allow, by having an Irish grandparent. Before this Nov. 17th game, that gave rise to a charge from Northern Ireland manager Billy Bingham, the son of a Belfast shipyard worker, that Charlton's players were "mercenaries." Even if he's a healer at heart—Bingham was the man who, in the '60s, assigned Best and Jennings to the same room—a Belfaster will have a knack for tit-for-tat. For tonight's match, Bingham's last as national coach, he has pledged revenge.

A half mile from the stadium a policeman stops you, demanding to see your ticket. A quarter mile from the grounds you see graffiti celebrating the UFF, the Ulster Freedom Fighters, the Protestant paramilitary group that strafed a pub in the predominantly Catholic village of Greysteel on Halloween night, the gunman yelling "Trick or treat!" before killing seven people. Once in the stadium, you notice the flags. From the official flagpoles flap the flags of Northern Ireland; of soccer's international governing body, FIFA; and of Turkey, for the refer-

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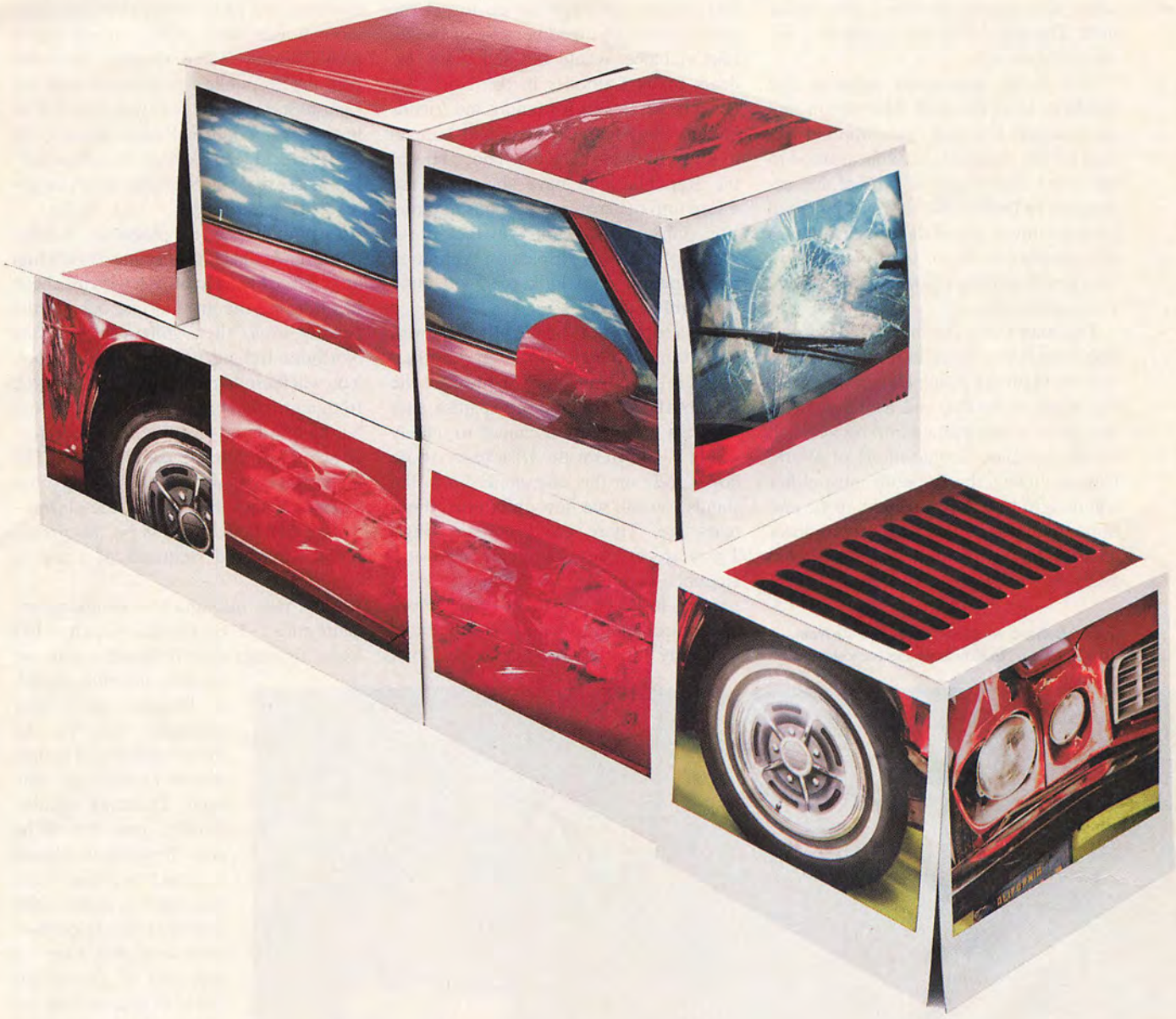

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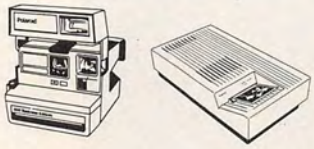

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ee, a doctor from Istanbul. Fans have hung the Union Jack everywhere, its red, white and blue at odds with the green and white uniforms of the two teams on the field. The tricolor of the Republic is nowhere to be seen.

This is by agreement between the northern Irish Football Association and the southern Football Association of Ireland (FAI), two organizations attuned to the finest distinctions of symbol and semantics. In Dublin, Northern Ireland had played without any of the usual trappings of nationhood. Here, before kickoff, a marching band plays *God Save the Queen,* and nothing else.

The man from Denmark Radio is sitting behind you, updating listeners in his homeland on the game. Denmark is playing Spain in Seville, and a broadcast of that game is being piped into his headset. In the complex permutations of World Cup qualifying, the Republic must either win tonight to qualify outright, or tie and hope that either Spain or Denmark loses so that Ireland would qualify on total goals scored. Both games start at the same time to forestall any chicanery.

Only 400 of the 10,500 tickets had been made available to the Republic, and the FAI, which had tried in vain to get the game's venue changed because of the recent violence, would not sell them. Indeed, many Catholics in the North refused to get tickets for family and friends because they feared what might happen to loved ones at the game. Those fans of the Republic who have shown up are mixed into the crowd at perilous random. You think you can tell who they are—knots of nervous dispassion here and there, people who look ready to burst from stifling cheers.

It is a rope-a-dope game of soccer, with opportunities bungled one after the other. But it is played with fury. You recall the fears of the Danish and the Spanish, that the Irish team with no chance to qualify would lay down for the Irish team whose hopes rode on this one game. From the stands you can see how unfounded those fears are. There are sectarian songs. There are monkey sounds directed at a Republic defender, Terry Phelan, who's part black. There are shouts of "Ya Fenian bastard!" at the doctor from Istanbul.

Twenty minutes into the second half the man from Denmark Radio tells you that Spain has scored to go up 1–0. This is a welcome development for the Republic. But soon the news from Seville becomes momentarily moot. A 34-year-old striker named Jimmy Quinn whacks a 20-yarder past the Republic's goalkeeper with his right foot. From the roar you think for an instant that Windsor Park is going to lift itself up and leave forever this misbegotten place, that the Republic won't be going to the U.S. after all.

But minutes later a player for the Republic finds the ball caroming toward him after a free kick. He traps it with his chest, lets it strike the ground just outside the penalty area, then volleys it into the Northern Ireland net with his left foot. You will learn later that this man suffered from a horrible toothache the day before but hadn't dared visit the dentist for fear he would be told he couldn't play. The man from Denmark Radio is telling thousands of Danes the name of the player—"Al-an Mc-Lough-lin"—who has probably just deprived Denmark of a trip to America.

Time runs out, and the Windsor Park game ends 1–1. On the field Charlton lets loose his anger over Bingham's pregame woofing, uttering an oath at Bingham he'll later apologize for. In the stands perhaps 20 people cluster around the man from Denmark Radio. Minutes pass before he gives the signal that Spain has held on, and word works its way down to the field that the Republic's quest to qualify, after 575 days and 42 games, has ended in success. The joy will come later, when thousands of fans meet the team at the Dublin airport; for now there is only relief.

The several thousand cops, soldiers and security men have also prevailed. There are no deaths, no shots, no explosions, and only a few arrests, all for drunkenness. The night's bloodshed is across the Irish Sea, where at the end of the Cup qualifier be-

In East Belfast, soccer affords a respite from "the troubles," to kids as well as their elders.

tween Wales and Romania in Cardiff, two fans let loose a distress flare that strikes a 67-year-old man in the neck and kills him.

But this is no night for brotherhood, either. From outside the stadium you hear the singing of a few of the Republic's fans who are still inside—cordoned by security guards—and are finally able to unbottle their emotions as they wait to be escorted from the grounds. A man walking next to you is enraged. "Listen to the scum in there!" he snarls. "Singing! Someone should machine gun 'em! Trick or treat, bastards!"

The next morning Archie tries to make sense of what you saw. "Last night, for the people there, it was war without guns," he says. "But the result, it was an Irish dream. Nobody lost, and the Republic went through. For a pure Irishman, it couldn't have worked out any better."

Before imbibing the agreed-upon Guinness, the two of you drive around Belfast. A cab driver is usually the most clichéd window through which to view a strange place, but Archie is no hackneyed

Among his students, Sugden says, support for the two teams runs along religious lines.

hack, and his profession is one of this city's most extraordinary. Cabbies are shot all the time in Belfast. By law, taxis are supposed to carry roof signs indicating the company they belong to. But some companies are so sectarian that a roof sign might as well be a bull's-eye, and Archie keeps his in the trunk. "A cop may stop me over it," he says. "But I just tell him I'm not ready to leave the wee ones for a few years yet, and he understands."

You pass the concrete-and-barbed-wire "peace lines" that keep neighbors from neighbors. You pass through the Falls, with its shops selling rosaries and other Catholic sundries, and murals bearing taut oaths of defiance and portraits of IRA martyrs such as Bobby Sands. You pass through the Shankill, where the walls scream NO SURRENDER and a huge gap in one block looks like someone has extracted a tooth. This is where Frizzell's Fish Shop stood, not 100 paces from where Archie grew up, until an IRA bomb leveled it on Oct. 23, killing 10. You pass the regrettably busy Royal Victoria Hospital. "Best experts in the world on gunshot wounds," Archie says, voice flat, as if he were pointing out some museum or botanical garden. "They've pioneered all methods of replacing kneecaps and joints with titanium and steel."

You do not pass City Hall. Downtown traffic is jammed. The biggest peace demonstration in 25 years has drawn 30,000 people who, like Archie, may not like each other but have no enemies. Belfast has a toothache, you decide, and its people desperately want to see a dentist. ■

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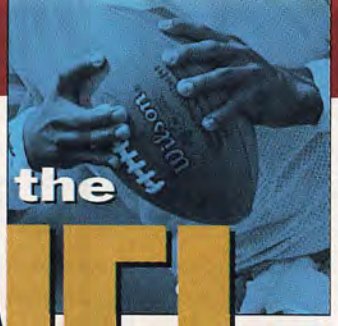

Inside the NFL

by PETER KING

A sign of the turbulent times in Cleveland, where Kosar was king.

The Other Shula

The nicest thing you can say about the first two years of Dave Shula's career as a head coach is that this mess is not all his fault. Shula's Bengals lost 17–12 to the Jets to fall to 0–10, and the 34-year-old son of Miami coach Don Shula is now 5–21 over two seasons.

There is no doubt that young Shula's pedigree—on Nov. 14 his father became the winningest coach in NFL history—had much to do with his getting the Cincinnati job. After all, he had never been a head coach at any level before team vice-president and general manager Mike Brown picked him to succeed Sam Wyche after the 1991 season. But it would be unfair to conclude that the choice Brown made was a poor one simply on the evidence of the Bengals' sorry record. It is unlikely whether Vince Lombardi or, yes, Don Shula could have won many more games with this bunch.

Whether a coach is a teacher, a disciplinarian, a play-caller or some combination of all three, no one wins without talent, and Cincinnati has precious little of it. The offensive line, the pride of the league as recently as four seasons ago, has become a sieve manned by a fuzzy-cheeked rookie and a bunch of hold-down-the-fort veterans. For far too long Brown has depended on offensive-line guru Jim McNally to mold topflight players out of massive but unwanted bodies. Bengal running backs can't pick up blitzes. There are no defensive playmakers.

Shula is not a micromanager; he oversees all aspects of the team but leaves the play-calling to Mike Pope and Ken Anderson on offense and to Ron Lynn on defense. Still, he knows where the buck stops. "I talk with my dad at least once a week," said Shula the night before the Jet game, "and the one thing he has stressed is, 'You are the guy everybody points to. When you walk into that meeting room, those players want to know what you're going to do to get them out of it [their losing streak].' "

After the Bengals lost a 38–3 stinker to Houston on Nov. 14, Shula tried to challenge his players. He recited the Lord's Prayer with them and followed it by saying in a clipped voice, "I hope you pray for strength. We are, at this time, the worst team in Bengal history." That assessment moved running back Harold Green shortly after to wonder whether Shula might be "the worst coach in history."

Shula is not solely to blame for the Bengals' ineptitude.

Green and Shula had a long chat the day after that game, which led to an uneasy truce. Amazingly, even though Cincinnati is in contention to finish with the first 0–16 record in league history, Shula's job is not in jeopardy, and with a few exceptions, he hasn't lost his players. "The players will still play for him," one club insider said on Sunday. "I don't think he's lost his grip on the team."

He'd better not have, because this team is nowhere near a turn for the better.

Kosar Redux

The belief persists that Cleveland coach Bill Belichick and his erstwhile quarterback, Bernie Kosar, had an explosive relationship that led to Kosar's release (SI, Nov. 22). Not true. The two did not get along, but their differences never boiled over. Truth is, Belichick sincerely believed that Kosar was too slow and his arm too gimpy to flourish in any NFL offense.

Kosar also became too independent for Belichick's tastes, and that may be what finished him in Cleveland. In the Browns' 24–14 loss to Miami on Oct. 10, Kosar called an audible, and the result was a touchdown pass to wideout Michael Jackson. On Cleveland's next offensive play Kosar called another audible, and it produced a two-yard completion to Jackson. After Belichick called the next play, he shouted to Kosar, "Run the play we're sending in!"

He did not trust his quarterback to run the right plays, and the quarterback did not trust many of the plays being sent in. "I wasn't insubordinate," says Kosar. "I wasn't cancerous about it. When I audibled, I audibled to plays that I knew would work better. The [Cleveland] offense, as it exists now, cannot be consistently successful."

DAVID LIAM KYLE (ABOVE); RICK STEWART

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JIM GUND

With Aikman already on the bench, Dallas could ill afford the injury that befell Smith.

Parity Strikes Again

Just when you thought you had the NFL figured out:

• Dallas, the best team in the league, got snuffed by the NFL's worst defense, losing to Atlanta 27–14. Before the game, Cowboy defensive tackle Tony Casillas had pondered a second trip to Atlanta—for Super Bowl XXVIII. "We might want to take bread crumbs to the Georgia Dome and leave them outside, because we plan on being back in January," Casillas had said. Not so fast, Tony. The Cowboys looked like an ordinary team without quarterback Troy Aikman, who missed his second start after suffering a strained hamstring against the Giants, and without running back Emmitt Smith, who left Sunday's game after suffering a bruised right thigh in the second quarter.

When Smith left, so did the Dallas running game, and quarterback Bernie Kosar showed his limitations as a downfield thrower: only seven of his 22 completions went to wide receivers. One of the best on the planet, Michael Irvin, had one catch for five yards. "I was covered on every play," Irvin said, "but that's never stopped us before."

• Pittsburgh, with a defense that had looked like the old Steel Curtain in an intimidating shutout of Buffalo the previous Monday night, went to Denver and got thrashed 37–13. The Steelers allowed a season-high 107 rushing yards to a poor running team and gave John Elway the time to have a brilliant day—18 completions in 25 attempts for 276 yards and one touchdown. The AFC pennant race is now cloudier than it has been all year.

• Kansas City, which was beginning to look as if it could survive without Joe Montana, put on a pitiful show at home and lost to Chicago. The Bears came in with a 3.4-yards-per-rush average, third to last in the league. K.C. came in with the second-stingiest defense against the run, 3.1 yards per carry. What happened? Chicago backs gained 190 yards on 42 carries. "We were embarrassed," said Chief defensive tackle Joe Phillips. You've got to like what coach Dave Wannstedt is doing with the Bears now. Hamstrung by a mediocre quarterback, Jim Harbaugh, he's building a tough team that can win with defense and a running game, which is a combination that outdoor teams in cold climates need to have.

Game of the Week

Philadelphia at Washington, Sunday. What a depressing outlook for two of the league's proudest franchises. Washington is 2–8 for the first time in 30 years, and the starless Eagles have lost six games in a row for the first time in 10 years. Washington is playing with a World League–quality offensive line and a journeyman backup, Rich Gannon, at quarterback. Philadelphia is playing with, well, we're not sure. "In my eight years I've never seen the Eagles so discombobulated," said cornerback Mark Collins after his Giants beat Philly 7–3. "They look so confused."

Dispatches

Anywhere But St. Louis Department: The NFL will name its second expansion team on Nov. 30, and last week Baltimore strengthened its chance to upset St. Louis when banking and financial services executive Alfred Lerner entered his bid for a franchise. Yet Jacksonville remains an interesting long shot, in part because of the high regard owners feel for J. Wayne Weaver, the point man for Jacksonville's effort, who made his fortune in shoe stores. Weaver echoes the concern of people in and out of the league about the suspect level of football fervor in St. Louis. He lived there for 20 years. "We couldn't fill a 52,000-seat stadium in the [Don] Coryell years, which were the most exciting years they had," Weaver said. "How are they going to fill a 70,000-seat stadium?" . . . Only two times in NFL history has a college contributed two running backs in the same draft who led their pro teams in rushing as rookies. This season it could happen twice: with Jerome Bettis (Rams) and Reggie Brooks (Redskins) from Notre Dame and a pair from Division I-AA Northeast Louisiana, Roosevelt Potts (Colts) and Greg Robinson (Raiders). The Notre Dame duo might not be a surprise, but how does a small school stockpile that sort of talent? "We tell the kids that if they come, we'll put them in an offense the NFL scouts will love," says Northeast coach Dave Roberts.

The End Zone

The latest craze at lunchtime in the Miami locker room is a nine-hole putting course, laid out on the carpet with white athletic tape. There are fights over tee times, just like in the real world, and there's horrible putting, just like in the real world. The worst putter: tight end Keith Jackson. When one putt fell pitifully short last week, he said, "This is the sequel to *White Men Can't Jump.* It's called *Black Men Can't Putt.*" ■

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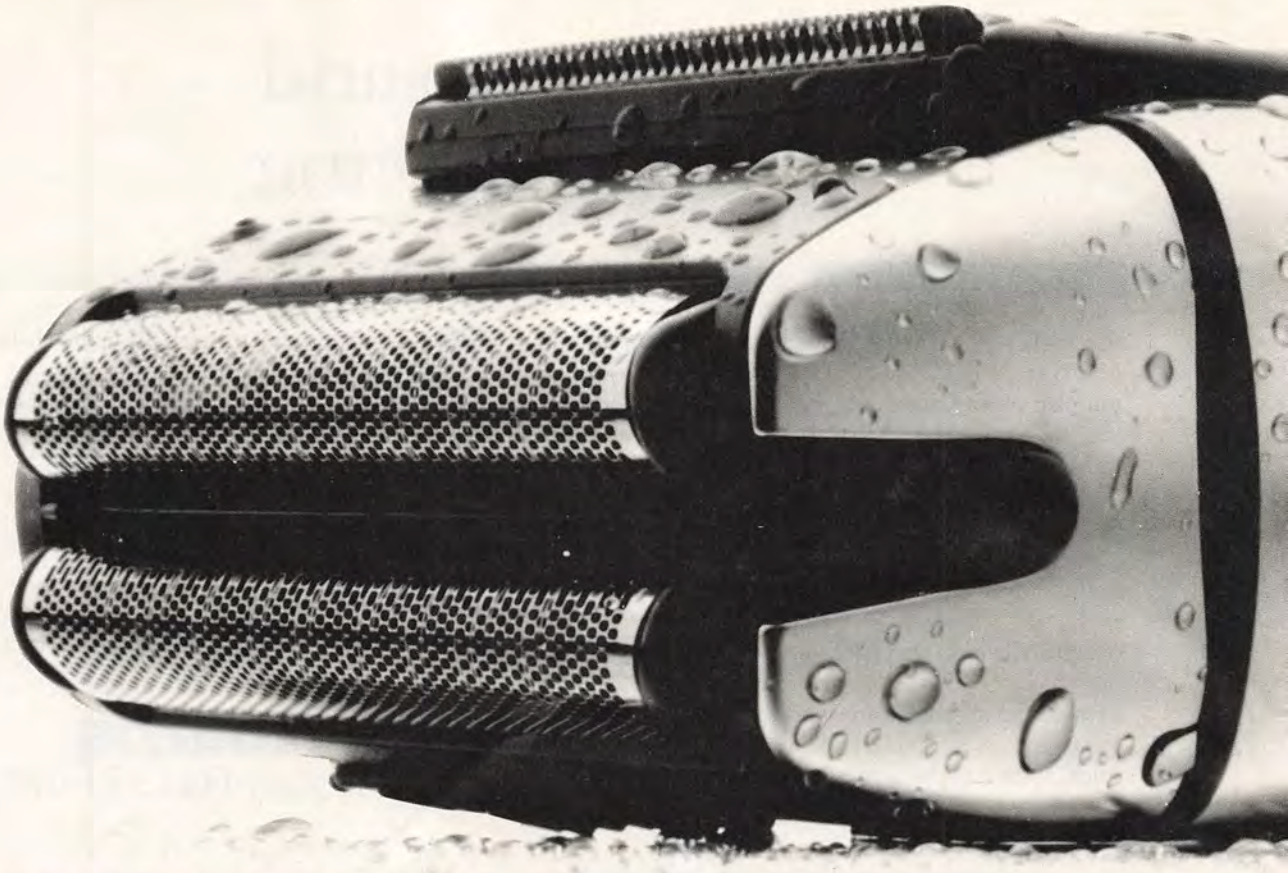
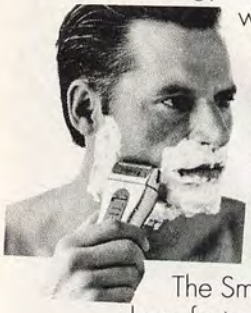


THIS HAS TWIN INDEPENDENT HANDLES BEAUTIFULLY ON IT SHOULD REQUIRE A

Meet the Panasonic Smooth Operator II Wet/Dry Razor. It's an extraordinary piece of engineering technology that lets you decide if you'd like to shave wet or dry.



DON'T TRY THIS WITH ANY ORDINARY PLUGGED-IN RAZOR

Panasonic believes if you're going to spend your hard-earned money on an electric razor, that razor should give you the option of shaving wet with lather, or dry.

The Smooth Operator® provides a close, fast and comfortable shave when used dry—you may ask yourself, "why bother with water and lather?" The answer is simple—hot water softens the skin and makes the beard more pliable. Lather lubricates the skin (thereby reducing friction) and expands the beard bristles to expose more hair root. Shaving with any Smooth Operator razor using water and lather unites the comfort of an electric shave with the closeness of a warm wet shave, giving you the advantage of both worlds. Naturally, it's fully immersible for easy, thorough cleaning.

TWIN INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION

The Panasonic Smooth Operator II is equipped with a state-of-the-art twin independent suspension system known as FLOAT CONTROL.™ This allows its two shaving heads to more efficiently follow the contours of your face, moving up and down independently of each other. The FLOAT CONTROL™ system also has a

SUSPENSION, 8500 RPMs, WET OR DRY SURFACES... LICENSE TO OPERATE.

spring action which cushions any sudden pressure changes from bumps or angles of the skin surface. The result is not only a shave of exceptional closeness, but also unexpected comfort.

POWER TO SPARE

The Panasonic Smooth Operator II is powered by an advanced nickel-cadmium rechargeable battery which can deliver average operating times from 35 to 54 minutes depending on model. The motor inside represents the latest development in Panasonic technology to make shaving fast and effective.

TRIPLE FOIL PATTERN

The foil on the Smooth Operator II is an engineering marvel within itself. Computer-aided in both design and production, its three-hole pattern incorporates enticers, capturers and secondary catchers. This efficient design helps ensure various hair types are captured and cut. The superthin titanium-coated foil provides sustained sharpness and is extremely durable for close shaving and long life.

The Smooth Operator II is quite an achievement, even by Panasonic standards. It promises to deliver our closest, most comfortable shave available today. And, by allowing you the option of wet or dry shaving, Panasonic gives you what any good high-performance machine should. The flexibility and performance you demand.

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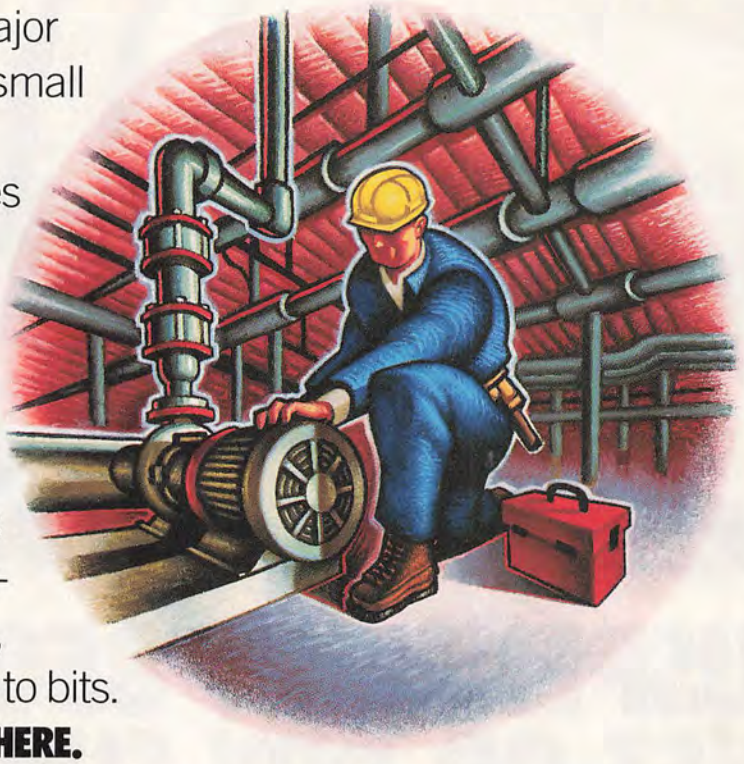

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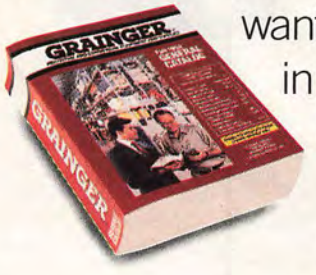

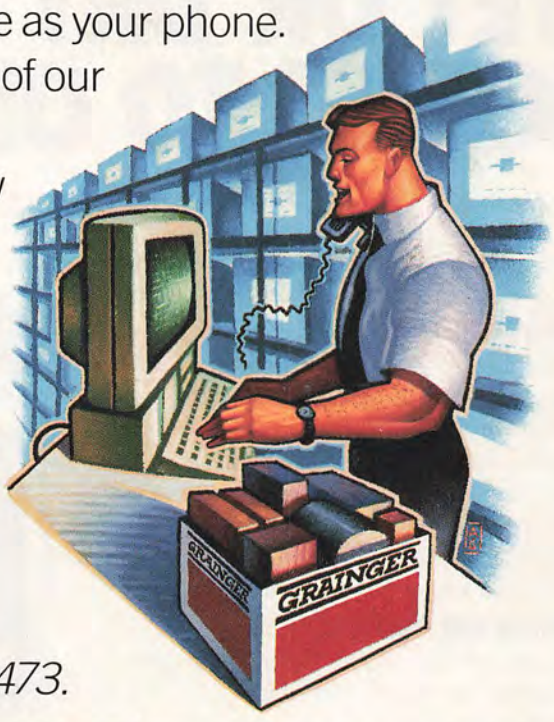

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Inside

College Football

by WILLIAM F. REED

A New Old Rivalry

In the 10 years since John Robinson left Southern Cal, college football has changed so much that he shouldn't even be able to recognize it. For one thing, his "student body right," which earned two of his tailbacks (Charles White and Marcus Allen) Heisman Trophies and one of his teams the national championship, has been retired to the nearby La Brea tar pits, where it's now the official game plan of woolly mammoths.

But Robinson is nothing if not adaptable. Coming back to Troy this year after nine seasons in the NFL, he has come up with a passing game that may be more sophisticated than any he ever had with the Los Angeles Rams. In allowing Rob Johnson to throw for more than 3,000 yards this fall—hundreds more than White or Allen ever gained rushing in a season—Robinson showed he's willing to do whatever it takes to resurrect a shaky USC program. He has evolved into a higher form of football mammal—Air Robinson.

Further, he has learned not to take for granted the casual dominance his teams once enjoyed over UCLA. A USC whipping bear in Robinson's time, the crosstown Bruins were 5-4-1 against the Trojans during his absence. UCLA is now 1–0 since Robinson's reappearance. "Things have changed," said Bruin coach Terry Donahue after his team held on for a 27–21 victory at the Coliseum to win a trip to the Rose Bowl. "The college football game is different than it was 20, even 10 years ago."

The game is certainly different in Los Angeles. Before Saturday, UCLA was 0–10 against the Trojans when the Rose Bowl was at stake for both teams. Bruin senior Vaughn Parker remembers some older teammates' crying over a 10–10 tie with USC during his freshman season. "We were 3–7," says Parker, "and I'm thinking, Great, a tie. But big, crusty guys crying tears!" The Bruins have lost just one Crying Game since.

The 8–3 Bruins have definitely been the dominant team in town this year. The passing combination of Wayne Cook to J.J. Stokes (1,005 yards) has been nearly as effective as USC's Johnson–to–Johnnie Morton battery (1,365 yards). Plus UCLA has a running game *and* a defense. USC (7–5), retool as Robinson might, hasn't always had both this season.

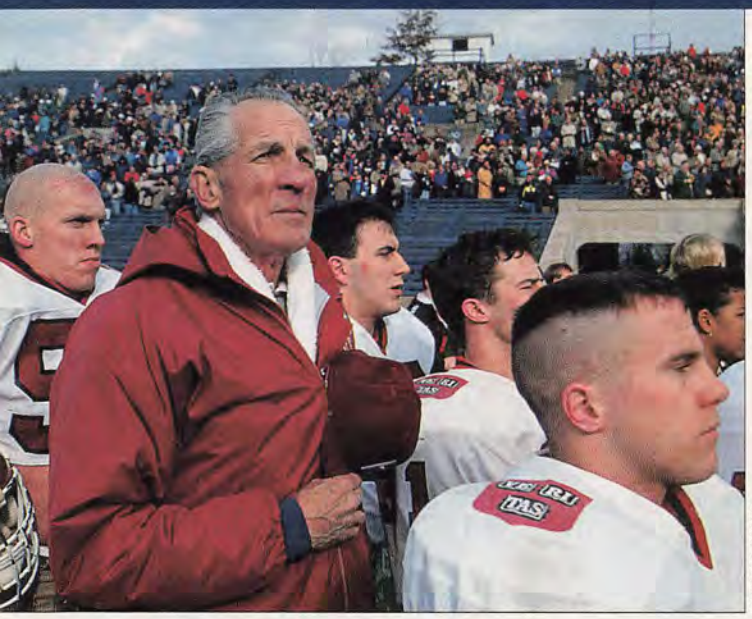
Like every other USC-UCLA game in the last four seasons, this one was decided by less than a touchdown. Like last year's game, when a walk-on transfer quarterback named John Barnes led the Bruins to victory, this one was led by an unlikely hero, running back Ricky Davis, an eager but slow athlete who was number four on the depth chart only weeks ago. Davis rushed for 153 yards. And like last year's game, when USC missed a two-point conversion, this one, too, was decided by failure in the final seconds.

Johnson had passed the Trojans downfield, putting them on the UCLA two with 56 seconds left and USC trailing by six. But Johnson, whose TD-to-interception ratio of 24 to 4 had been one of college football's most impressive statistics this year, mysteriously threw into triple coverage and was intercepted by Bruin free safety Marvin Goodwin, and that was that. "The script was there," said Robinson, "but we screwed it up."

Still, he was not disconsolate. The sport may have changed, but at least this rivalry

RICHARD MACKSON

In its 27–21 win, UCLA wrapped up USC tailback Shawn Walters and a Rose Bowl berth.



CHUCK SOLOMON

Restic hoped to cap his Crimson career with a win in The Game, but Yale didn't cooperate.

remains exciting. You almost believed Robinson when he said, "I was glad I was there." —RICHARD HOFFER

How Well He Served

The field had to be cleared for the final second of Joe Restic's 23-year career as Harvard's coach. A few thousand spectators from the crowd of 33,776 had run onto the grass at the Yale Bowl to celebrate Yale's apparent 33–31 win in the 110th edition of The Game, but wait . . . hold on. . . . The Bulldogs had surrendered the ball on downs at the 50-yard line, and one second remained on the clock. Joe Restic had one more chance.

"I've always said you play right to the end in this game," said the 67-year-old Restic later. "You never know what's going to happen."

Restic had announced his retirement at the beginning of this season and had gone through a series of emotional goodbyes. In a halftime ceremony during his last home game at Harvard Stadium, a week earlier, a player from each of his 23 teams, stretched in a straight time line, had autographed a football, passing it one to another. The ball was then presented to the man at the end of the line—Restic. The game, alas, was a 27–20 loss to Ivy champion Pennsylvania, part of a sad Harvard season that included only three wins.

But a last-gasp victory over Yale would redeem the season. Wouldn't it be a fitting tribute to a man who had said he wanted most to be remembered for "how well I've served my players"? The Crimson had already come back from a 33–17 deficit in the last 5:25. The stage was set.

The field was cleared. Harvard senior quarterback Mike Giardi took the snap. Three receivers ran down the left side of the field, and Giardi planted his feet to throw into the end zone. However, the right side of the Eli defensive line smothered him, the ball rolling from his hand. End of game. End of Restic's career. He finished with 117 wins, 97 losses, six ties. "I was watching the clock tick to the end," Restic said. "The end of an era."

"What next?" Restic was asked.

"I have no agenda," he said. "I don't believe in five-year, 10-year plans; that's why communism failed. I believe in living for the day. That is what I always have told my players. Enjoy today. Enjoy this practice. Enjoy being with your friends. So many people go through college worried about their future, worried about everything. They miss the moment."

—LEIGH MONTVILLE

Back and Blue

Heading into the last three games of the season, Michigan was 4–4 and challenging Syracuse for the dishonor of being the nation's most disappointing team. But then the Wolverines woke up and defeated Purdue, Minnesota and Ohio State by a combined score of 111–17. The 28–0 rout of the Buckeyes last Saturday was especially sweet for the Wolverines because it put Ohio State's Rose Bowl plans in jeopardy. "We salvaged our season," said Michigan cornerback Alfie Burch. "We're a totally different team now."

He's right, and the main reason is that the defense finally began fulfilling its potential. In their first eight games the Wolverines came up with a total of four interceptions and 11 sacks; in the last three they had nine interceptions and 12 sacks. On Saturday, Michigan had four interceptions and four sacks and held the Buckeyes to 58 yards on the ground. "At midseason we were not able to mix it up with teams like Ohio State because we had so many injuries and a lot of young guys," said Wolverine defensive coordinator Lloyd Carr, whose unit had five first-year players starting on Saturday. "The beauty here is that we hung together. That's what makes this so rewarding."

One reward is a trip to a bowl, possibly the Hall of Fame Bowl, in Tampa, to play the fourth-place team from the ACC (probably Virginia) on New Year's Day. That may not seem like much for a team that whipped both Ohio State and Penn State, but it should make for a much happier start to the new year than the one the Wolverines were looking at a month ago.

Squibs

In Fresno State's 63–37 win over San Diego State, Bulldog QB Trent Dilfer, who two weeks ago broke the NCAA record of 224 pass attempts without an interception, extended his string to 271. . . . By gaining 223 yards in Texas Tech's 58–7 romp over Houston, Red Raider running back Bam Morris ended his season with 1,752 yards rushing to break the SWC record of 1,744, set by Earl Campbell of Texas in 1977. . . . In Cal's 46–17 win over Stanford, Lindsey Chapman became the 10th running back this year to rush for at least 100 yards against the Cardinal. . . . Let's hear it for Temple! By "holding" Pitt to 28 points in a 28–18 loss in their final game, the Owls lowered their points-allowed average to 47.9, 1.6 below the national record, set by UTEP in 1973.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

Offense

Scott Semptimphelter, a senior at Lehigh, completed 27 of 43 passes for 373 yards and six TDs as the Engineers beat Lafayette 39–14 and won their first Patriot League title.

Defense

Michigan cornerback Ty Law, a sophomore, had two interceptions and four tackles, broke up a pass and caused a fumble in a 28–0 win over fifth-ranked Ohio State.

Small Colleges

Preston Jackson, a UC Davis senior, ran for 178 yards and four TDs to lead the Aggies to a 37–34 victory over Fort Hays (Kans.) State in a Division II playoff game.

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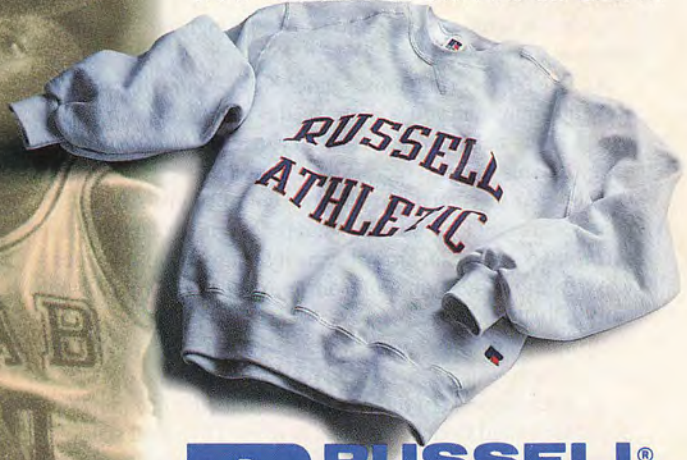

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The Wooing Game

Lusting after recruits, college basketball coaches resort to epistles, poetry and pestering | by STEVE RUSHIN

LAYNE KENNEDY

AS A PUBLIC SERVICE, WE HEREWITH PROVIDE ANSWERS TO some commonly asked questions about the men's college basketball recruiting process. Our research will greatly benefit your son, who, unless he's recruited, will never know the self-discipline, the self-esteem, the self-*restraint* that only a college basketball coach can instill in him.

QUESTION: Who turns out more letters, Vanna White or George Raveling?

ANSWER: Raveling. In two weeks last spring, the USC basketball coach sent 900 letters to the home of a single recruit. Raveling wrote as many as 50 letters a day to Avondre Jones, a 6′ 11″ center from La Puente, Calif., 20 more each day to Jones's mother and another 20 to Jones's stepfather. *Every day for a fortnight*. Following the letter-writing campaign, Jones verbally committed to USC, while Raveling was verbally committed to Bellevue. The parents have signed with Duke.

Q.: Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

A.: Not if you're a recruiter, you shouldn't. At least one coach wrote poems to Chris Herren by way of recruiting the senior guard from Fall River, Mass. "One guy wrote, 'Roses are red, violets are blue, blah blah blah blah, and this school's for you,' " Herren told *The Boston Globe*. He declined to identify this bard of the hardwood, but he did say he wasn't going to attend that coach's school. Instead, Herren has signed with Boston College. At one point Herren received a recruiting letter from Wisconsin—while on his official visit to Syracuse. And the post office can't find *you* without a nine-digit zip code.

Q.: What is full of pages and embarrassingly ineffectual (besides Congress, that is)?

A.: The NCAA rule book. Under NCAA guidelines, Raveling may mail you 90 letters a day and Wisconsin may send a heat-seeking missive to find you, but until the rule was scrapped this year, no recruiting letter could be written on stationery printed in more than two colors of ink. Also, coaches are still forbidden to send the recruit "greeting cards." If the NCAA were an airport security guard, it would order you to remove the handgun from your suitcase. Then it would confiscate the suitcase.

Q.: Speaking of air travel, why is the main cabin of a plane called coach?

A.: Because most of the passengers in the main cabin of a plane are called Coach. You see, at many Division I schools, it takes *three* round-trip tickets to fly one recruit to a campus for his official visit. That's one ticket for the recruit, one ticket for a coach to fly to the recruit's hometown and pick him up, and a third ticket for a coach to accompany the recruit back home after the visit.

Q.: How many coaches does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A.: Two. As one coach creates a diversion by complaining that NCAA budget restrictions make it impossible to afford a new light bulb, the other coach buys a chandelier.

Q.: Now that you mention it, I do frequently hear basketball coaches beef about NCAA cutbacks (which now limit teams to 13 scholarships and forbid third assistant coaches from making more than $16,000). Isn't it hypocritical for these coaches to complain while at the same time they're purchasing three plane tickets to fly in one kid?

A.: Not at all. Nowadays, it's the only way to make an impression. Let's face it, few coaches are willing to write 900 letters to a kid in this era of jet travel. Which is too bad, because all you need is a pen, some paper and $261 in stamps.

Q.: Who said, "Drug dealers have better access to our kids than we do," and what was he talking about?

A.: Georgetown coach John Thompson, and he was complaining about the myriad restrictions placed on college basketball recruiters by the NCAA.

Q.: What is the most formidable restriction placed on college basketball recruiters?

A.: Single-occupancy restrooms. During the summer "evaluation" period, the only contact that coaches can have with recruits is that which is "unavoidable" and "incidental." Thus, should a coach happen to run into a recruit during that period, the two may exchange "only normal civility," according to Rule 13.1.2.3 (e) [1–4] of the NCAA manual. Thus, every time a player goes to the men's room at an all-star camp, recruiters invariably follow him in and exchange normal civility—while standing at adjacent urinals.

Q.: You're joking, right?

A.: "Coaches weren't allowed to talk to me," says Dan Fortson, a star at Pittsburgh's Shaler High who has signed with Cincinnati, recalling his experiences at an AAU tournament this autumn. "Whenever I'd go to the bathroom, a couple of coaches would follow me in there."

Q.: Is there any place that coaches won't go—so to speak—to gain the attention of a blue-chipper?

A.: "Some guys will do whatever is not explicitly banned in the rule book," says one coach. "The rules do not explicitly say that you can't parachute from the top of the arena while pulling a banner with the kid's name on it, so. . . ." So, like presidential candidates, college basketball coaches will do just about anything to get you to give them the next four years.

Q.: That reminds me—What's the difference between the Clinton White House and the USC basketball program?

A.: One has George Stephanopoulos. The other has George Stuffing Envelopes. ■

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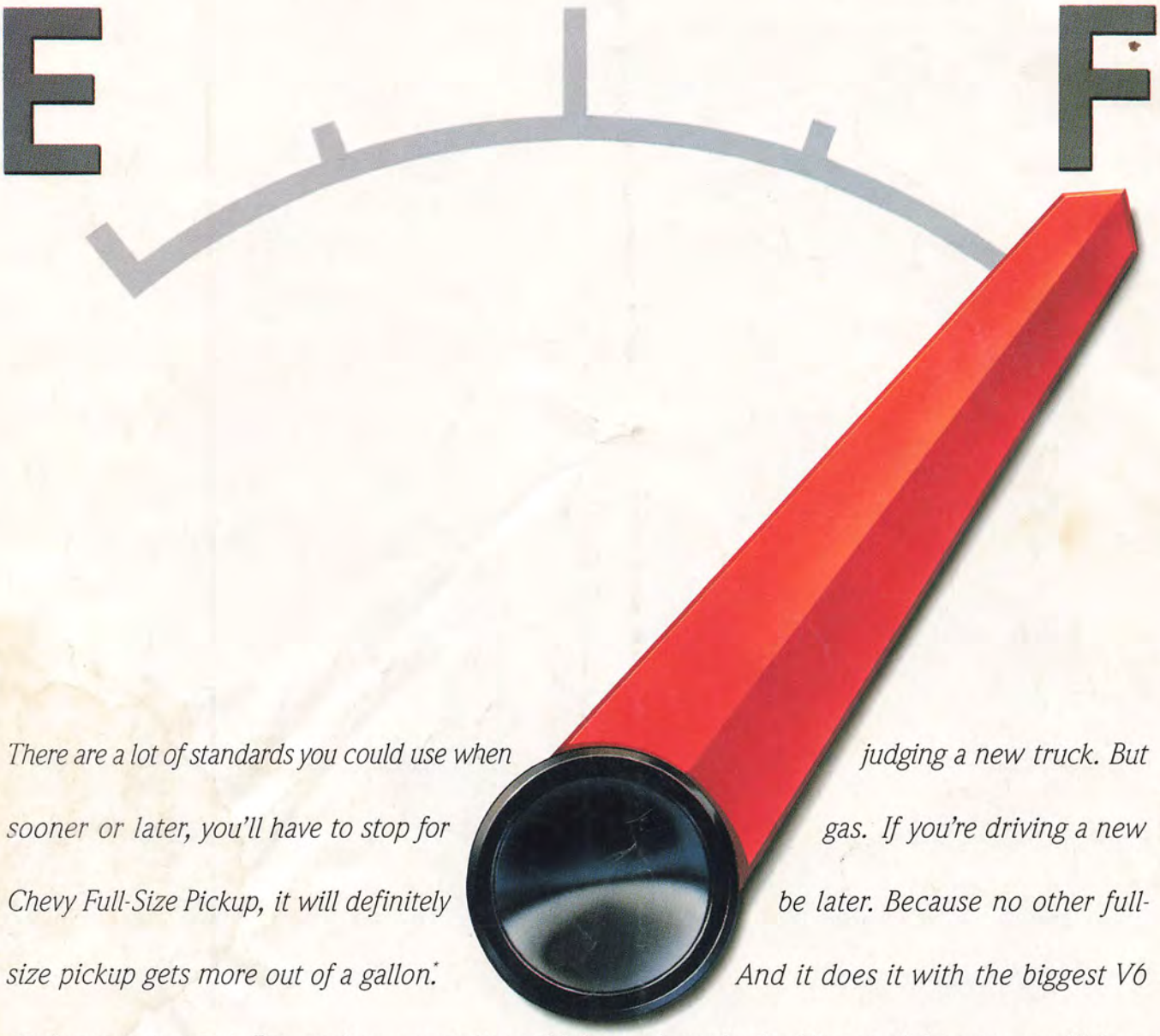

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